

THE
MINISTER'S PRAYERS.

PART II.

FIRST EDITION.

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PREFACE.

THE First Part of "THE MINISTER'S PRAYERS"—a volume of 240 pages was published last year. We are glad to bring now before the public the Second Part. And these two parts form a complete record of all the prayers of the Minister published in English. The present volume contains 260 pages collected from the *Sunday Mirror* and the *New Dispensation*, and covers a period of more than five years from March 17, 1878 to September 30, 1883. The Minister passed away on the 8th January 1884, so that there were no prayers published in English during the last three months of his life. It was remarked in the Preface to the First Part "One who reads the prayers of Keshub before the [Cooch Behar] marriage and contrasts them with those that followed it will mark a new fervour and pathos in the latter". The Second Part will now give the reader an opportunity to note this contrast. Historically we have here a record of the Minister's deeper spiritual experiences from the time of the Cooch Behar Marriage till his passing away. These prayers disclose the close touch he kept with contemporary life and events, and all affairs domestic or social, individual or congregational, national or international were laid by him before the Supreme Mother whose *Adesh* (Inspiration) was his constant guide in every detail of life.

The reader will notice that the first prayer in this volume bears the title "Faithful till the end" and the closing lines of the last prayer are—

"Blessed child, thou hast had thy reward. The next time I see thee shall be in a higher heaven."

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PRAYERS.

March 17, 1878.

FAITHFUL TILL THE END.

LORD, in joy and in sorrow I have tried to remain faithful to Thee, in good and bad repute hath this hand of mine served Thee. Desert me not in my tribulation, nor cast me down in my sorrow. Give me to abide in Thy house till the end.

Heaven and earth shall pass away, saith the Lord, but my word shall not pass away. Be faithful unto me till the end, and Thy reward in heaven shall be sure.

DEFEND THY CHURCH.

BLESSED Lord, defend Thy beloved Church from the slanderer and the evil-doer. Cause the confusion of the wicked, and the defeat of the transgressor. Descend in the holiness of Thy Spirit to preserve the sanctity and peace of Thy household.

My covenant, saith the Lord, shall not be broken with impunity, nor will I suffer my servants to be disgraced. Defeat shall yet overtake the doer of evil and the crown of victory shall grace the brow of the faithful.

MY ONLY PORTION.

MY God, my Father, I know not this man, or that man, this party or that party. With the counsels of sects or schools I will not identify myself. Behold how I have been spurned and scorned by all alike and have Thee only for my portion. Take me by the hand, O Thou God of the poor, and make me able to know and declare Thy judgments. Be unto me a living fire that burns all fear and shame. Be unto me a living force that vanquishes the wicked machinations of men. Be I true unto Thee, and if the whole world prove false, I will not be ashamed.

THE GRACE OF FORGIVENESS.

THE time has come, O thou all-knowing God, when Thy servants are to practise the grace of forgiveness. Vouchsafe unto us the blessedness wherewith we may forgive the trespasses of those who offend us, and heal the hearts of such as are troubled by their own misdoings. Father, cause all bitterness to cease in Thy house, and teach us the lessons of charity and humbleness of heart. Father, let us not bleed the hearts of others but rather let our own hearts bleed, so that by our suffering others may live in peace and truth.

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March 24, 1878.

THE DEAR DEPARTED.

FARASSED and hard-pressed in this world, Lord, my soul appeals to Thee for the sweet communion of the soul of the departed who live in peace and sanctity in Thy presence. Father. Thou wert with them when they suffered the hard struggles of this world, their labour is now finished, and they are at rest. I would fain be in their sanctified society ; and share a grain of their repose. Inspire me to remember their sorrows and suffering, their meekness and patience, the sweetness and forgiveness of their souls. Father, enable me to bear my burdens while the day lasts, and when the night with its rest arrives give me the peace of Thy house.

JUSTIFIED IN THY SIGHT.

MY good God, prayer to Thee is my fortress, prayer is my friend, in prayer I forget all my misery and littleness. Cause me, therefore, to pour my soul unto Thee in prayer at the present time. I have known no help in times of difficulty, in shame and humiliation I found no sympathizer, but Thy watching and guardian spirit. Desert me not now. I want Thee more than ever, Thine assurance and Thine comfort my soul craveth for. My God, my tower of strength, my sweetness and peace of heart, be Thou ever near. God of truth and righteousness, I seek justification in Thy sight only. Stand Thou

in my conscience, King of holiness, give me Thy word, and I will be calm though the whole world rise in rage like a surging sea. Holiness and judgment are Thine, and I humbly stand before Thy throne. Crush me in Thy justice if I be guilty, and let confusion overtake me. But if in Thy sight I stand acquitted, what man is there that shall make me tremble? My father, purge me from all fear and shame before Thee.

THE SANCTITY OF THE TEMPLE.

G FATHER! We do not know the true sanctity of Thy temple, or else we should not have behaved improperly there. Make us understand the sacredness of the place and ever feel ashamed of any misdemeanour on our part when within its four walls. May we always feel the thrilling awe of Thy presence there, and conduct ourselves most becomingly and reverentially towards Thee. Smite us down and purify us, O Lord, if ever we in any way violate the sanctity of Thy temple.

March 31, 1878.

THE FULNESS OF THY MIGHT.

STRONG in Thee and with Thee, what weakness have I to be afraid of? My God, only let me seek Thee, and find the fulness of Thy might. Thee only let me not lose and all other loss is a gain.

COME TO MY RESCUE.

MY master, wilt Thou strike and humiliate me still more? Will the night and the storm smite me yet much longer? Behold how Thy servant is tossed and buffeted, and come to my rescue. Father, there are times when the help of man is unavailing, and I look up to Thee, because such time for me has come.

TRUE FRIENDS.

MY heart is a stranger to the loyalty of friendship in this Earth, O my Father. I know it is glorious to stand by a friend to the end, though he should not heed or care for my services. Show unto me men by whom under all circumstances and trials I may loyally stand, and experience the pleasure, the rare blessedness of acting like a brother to my brother men, when others turn their faces and go away.

THE SURE REFUGE.

EARTHLY reward, O God of my heart, I never sought at Thy feet. For long years I have served Thee and Thy children, and counted the service its own reward. Has not Thy word gladdened me, exalted me, filled me with blessedness and strength? Now Lord, because I am poor and have

few friends, shall I become a hireling? When I had not wherewith to feed or clothe myself, unasked didst Thou not fill my lap with abundance, and my hands with gold? Now that I am poor and friendless again, where shall I lay my head but on Thy bosom? Poverty within, and poverty without, lead me only to Thy house, where the friendless, childless, houseless, the widowed and the outcast find a sure refuge.

April 7, 1878.

THE FEVER OF DESIRE.

THE fever of desire burns and rages in my heart, O Thou all-seeing Spirit, unless I am more lowly, more resigned to whatever happens to me, how can Thy blessing descend? Alas, the passion of desire can neither satisfy itself, nor recommend me before my fellow-men. The world will not trust those who are intoxicated with their own desires. Rid me for ever from the desire and effort after happiness. With a very lowly mind, let me take things as they come, sweet or bitter. They are good if Thou sendest them, and as for me it is enough I can take them thankfully.

IN SORROW AND SUFFERING.

WHY unprotected servant who labours alone in the wilderness, Lord, do not forsake—do not forsake Thy friendless son who is pressed and per-

secuted by strong enemies and far and forsaken breathes his sorrows to Thee alone. If any brother undertakes to bear my shame and invites the suffering that belongs to me much more than to him, what remains with me but to entreat Thee to be his friend and strength. The fidelity that is faithful to the end, the meekness and sweetness that arise out of a crushed heart, only make these the portion of those of my brethren who have in these dark days borne insult and contumely and counted it as so much grace.

THE CRUELTY OF FRIENDS.

THE cruel words of enemies, Thou dost know, my Father, I have borne with calmness. They have struck me and humbled me in the streets, and I have not retaliated. But, O Lord, the hard and cruel words of friends Thy unworthy servant cannot bear. The blows and taunts in the midst of Thy household bruise me and crush me, and I cannot quietly endure the pain. What will become of me, say Thou. Who shall uphold me when I am trodden under foot by those who should be my friends? Who will defend me when those dear and near unto me tear me to pieces? Into whose hands can I trust the peace of my heart? I am hard-hearted and all men are hard-hearted. Save me, and take me away, and O Lord, hide me from these cruel blasts. From friend and foe alike defend me, and make me Thine for ever and ever.

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April 14, 1878.

THE FLAME OF HEAVENLY LOVE.

THIS is the time, O Lord, when we should learn of Thee forgiveness and forbearance. Events are constantly transpiring around us which are calculated to excite bitterness and anger. Whatever differences of opinion there may be among us, and however strong our mutual antagonism, may we not cease to love each other as members of Thy family. Keep alive, Father, the flame of heavenly love in the heart of every Brahma during the present conflict.

TRUE COMMUNION.

TRUE communion is indeed, a mouse-trap, O God, enticed by its sweets we go in, thinking we should easily come out after tasting them. But, O God of Love, we soon find we were mistaken. We easily and unsuspectingly go in, but we cannot come out. We struggle and struggle, but all the passages are closed. Grant, Father, that we may be eternally entrapped in Thy sweet communion.

April 21, 1878.

PURIFY ME.

IN the utmost humiliation of spirit I stand before Thy throne, O Righteous God, and confess the

PRAYERS

unrighteousness of my life. Alas, that I who speak of meekness and love should be guilty of vile anger, and speak the words of hatred unto anyone, that I should cherish an impure thought against any one of Thy children. O Thou just Judge, I have no excuse before thee, and my recklessness will not save me. Cause me to feel that Thy retribution will overtake the sinner even if he should go far in wickedness. Purify my character, O God, and make it blameless before thee. Be with me, so that my prayers and actions may go hand in hand, and that I may bring no disgrace to Thy cause at any time.

LIVING IN THE PRESENT.

THE future is Thine, the present only is mine. Lord, give me to be fully faithful and dutiful to the present and leave all else in Thy hands. Misery I do not seek, happiness I do not seek, I fear no loss, I covet no gain, I only want to be true and faithful to whatever thou sendest me. Bad name among men is nothing, good name is nothing, obedience to Thee is all in all. Kill my desires, and give me perfect rest in Thee.

PRESSING ONWARD.

IT is not worthy of Thy son and servant to whom Thou hast been gracious, to live so grossly and indolently as I do. My father, the earnest fervour of piety that is restless 'day and night I crave at

Thy hands. Why should the mind be occupied by any thought but Thy thought, and why should Thy hand do anything but what is Thy will? Working or resting, let not my earnestness about Thy love cease for a moment, and onward let me press towards Thee so long as there is a single pulse of life left in me.

April 28, 1878.

IN THY HANDS.

IT is painful, O God, to be always referring to Thee for instruction and injunction. I wish to be like those devotees who float almost involuntarily and unconsciously along the current of faith and inspiration. It is only inferior servants who every-time ask what they ought to do and look up to Thee every time for orders. They deliberate, they argue, they read books, they consult each other, and they pray whenever they have need of light. But Thy more devoted servants think not, ask not, wait not, but Thy guiding hand holds the light before their trusting souls and quietly leads them on to truth and salvation. Father, I wish to be entirely in Thy hands like a simple and devoted child.

MY VOCATION.

LORD, who am I and what is my vocation on earth? Mercifully enlighten me. I fear I am dealing with things which belong not to me, and neglecting

duties which Thou hast appointed for me. I feel I must have something to do in this world, or why am I here at all? What that something is, Lord, I know not. I am doing all manner of business, and when I am tired of one I run to another without method or principle. Saviour, tell me my true work on earth, and show me the way to do it, and I shall be happy.

May 5, 1878.

OUR HOUSEHOLD


GIVE ear unto Thy unworthy servant, O Lord, and hear what I have to lay before Thy feet. I have been wicked, and our household has not been faithful to Thee. Therefore disgrace has visited us, and we are laid low in the dust. Much more remains in store for us. Yet much more, and I tremble to think what the end will be unless our hearts be changed in us. Instead of loving, Thy servants have hated each other. Sowing unbrotherliness, they reap hatred, and sowing hatred, they reap misery. There is joy in no heart, no not in one, and the life currents of Thy children seem to be dried up at the source. Nothing grows, all is barren. O Thou light of life, and shower of love, do not remain far from us at this time of need, but cause the depths of Thy unspeakable nature to well up in the parched soil of our souls, and produce fertility and abundance of spiritual life. There can be no despair when Thou art near, there can be no fear so long as there is faith in Thee. Thou art all sufficient; even if all men fail, yet Thou art enough for me.

THE GOD OF THE LOWLY.

NOW long yet. O Father, wilt Thou try me ?
I am broken down, behold in body and mind,
I am broken down. Who is there to speak a single
word of comfort, who is there to give a helping hand ?
My doubts I bear alone ; my despair is a burden
unto me night and day : the fears of the future rob
me of strength. Lord, they say, Thou art as a mighty
rock unto those who hold by thee. Wilt Thou not
shelter my head with Thy shadow ? Thou art the
living true God ; in sore trial forsake me not, vanity
filleteth the hearts of Thy servants, they think too
highly of themselves. Thy children are puffed up
with self-esteem. My God, we have looked down
upon our neighbour, and thought that he is nobody
while I am somebody. Therefore Thou humble us,
publish our shame before the world. There Thou
wilt cause dishonour to come to our doors, and
internal disunion to embitter our nature. God of
the lowly, Thy Kingdom is not for the proud in
spirit. Therefore Thou hast closed Thy doors against
me and the like of me ; we knock and find no
admission, we cry, and none hears us. Yea, Lord,
even those who were humble before, have turned
vain now, and those who are exceedingly weak,
fancy that they are strong. Even the women and
children have been touched by the plague of pride.
Say when wilt Thou make us lowly again and cause
the tears of penitence to flow ? I cry unto Thee,
disclose before our minds our terrible weakness and
worthlessness, and speak to us of the destruction
that awaiteth vanity. God, night after night, let me
cry to Thee for the grace of humility and Thy saints
and holy ones have been always very lowly. Why

should we, sinners as we are brag and boast ? Cause the weight of Thy judgment and the certainty of Thy retribution to make us tremble and be exceedingly anxious ; cause us to excel each other, in humility and the mildness of heart. Let the proud bow very low, and the humble be still more lowly.

FLESH AND SPIRIT.

ND we are disobedient and wayward. Holy Saviour, not Thy will, by my will is my law. We have offended our betters by obstinate disobedience, we have broken loose from all law and restraint. Thou art the fountain of blessed liberty. By setting that at defiance, what liberty have we gained ? Slavery to the senses has been the result. Father, we would fain be delivered from the fetters of the flesh, but why wilt Thou give deliverance to him who has sold himself to his body ! Flesh and blood reign over Thy servants, not the revelations of the spirit. Why dost Thou delay, why dost Thou not send Thy warning in time, why dost Thou not prophesy the miserable death of all carnality ? Wilt Thou suffer those whom Thou hast called for salvation to minister unto the lust of the flesh and disgrace their calling ? Wilt Thou be silent for ever ? Come down in Thy majesty to establish the realm of light and the laws of obedience.

LOVE OF MONEY.

AND covetousness has found a place in the midst of us. O Thou the wealth of the poor, our supporter, Thou hast given us food and raiment and answered our wants at all times. But we have deserted Thee, and gone after riches, and waxed fond of gold and silver. Our wives and children, who were hitherto under Thy protection, are comfortless now and uncared for, and we cannot provide for their necessities. To whom are we to look, what man will give us our daily bread? Father, poverty has made us mean, and want and hunger have not exalted us. Therefore we hanker after money to be happy. We forget, O Lord, that love of money demeans more than poverty. Either way there is danger and misery for Thy children. Whither, O my God, are we to flee? The wealth of this world is but as dust and ashes before Thee and multiplies troubles. He that hath Thee for his friend shall not want.

POUR THY SPIRIT IN US.

THEREFORE vouchsafe to make Thine love and righteousness our portion for ever. Before Thee I have confessed my sins, and the sins of our household. Turn not a deaf ear unto us. My heart is heavy with sadness, and my soul hungereth for Thy grace with exceeding hunger. Fain would I be one of Thy faithful sons, and see my dear ones more faithful than myself. Fain I would pray to Thee unceasingly for myself and my dear ones. But,

Lord, the spirit is not in me. Give unto me the spirit! Without stint and measure pour it out. Let Thy Church overflow with it. Let Thy household be gladdened by it. Let all sins be washed away in it.

BLESS ALL.

BLESS us all, our leaders, our elders do Thou bless and give honour. Our brothers and equals do Thou guide in Thy ways. Our sisters and mothers do Thou exalt and defend. And may Thy Grace convert our enemies to our friends. Amen.

May 12, 1878.

DIVINE RESTLESSNESS.

LIKE unto a caged bird, my spirit is restless, O Lord, and would fain fly to Thee, and abide in Thy presence for ever. But the strength is not in me, my purpose fails every hour, and in irresolution and perplexity I flutter. Say, O my Eternal Master, what need have I of anything that I possess, save of Thy grace and righteousness? Cause Thy holiness to make a dwelling in my heart. Turn my spirit into the garden of heaven. Not an ill-natured thought against any one let me cherish. Not an evil word against any one let me speak. Increase tenfold this restlessness of my life to find and repose in Thee. In a tenfold measure increase my joyful-

ness in prayer and meditation. Deepen my desire to honor and love Thy servants.

LIFE AND DEATH.

A HUMBLE recluse, a solitary dervish, a man with one foot in the grave, I stand before Thee, our God, while I reflect on life and death. The strange country to which I am travelling lies near unto Thy abode ; my neighbour, my friend, my society, my honor Thou alone canst give. In my pilgrimage I have made few friends. Those who were dear to me, hate me. And I have not been unto others what I ought to have been. There is a heavy burden on my head, there is a heavy burden on my breast. Alas life is full of so many delusions. Dreams have made my sleep sickly. Bear witness, God of truth, everything is hollow. What difference there is between life and death, if there is no earnest holiness in the one, and the other means but the cessation of sensual joy. If separation from Thee be my permanent state, I prefer death to life ; if death delivers me from all that is evil, and brings me to a closer view of Thy glory and blessedness, Lord, I prefer to die. But I would fain live in this world with Thee. I would fain love all things in Thee, hope all things in Thee, and wear the crown of grey hairs to glorify Thee. Life and death mean the same thing to Thy child.

THY BOSOM.

GOD, my Father, is it impossible to hide oneself entirely in Thee, to go wholly out of the reach of the evils and sorrows of life? The beast hides itself in its lair when the storm comes, and the bird in its nest, why should not Thy bosom be my refuge? Homeless with a home, fatherless in the midst of relatives I cannot help looking up to Thee continually for shelter and safety.

May 19, 1878.

THE LIFE OF THY CHURCH.

HOLY and ever-present Providence, Thou knowest most intimately the motives and principles of men. Preserve Thy holy church from discord and exclusiveness, preserve its integrity and honour. So guard our interests that theists may not degenerate into sects and mutually hostile communities. The bitterness of rancour uproot from our midst, private and personal malice do Thou remove. May we retain peaceful and affectionate feelings towards those of our brethren who are leaving us, and never cease to desire and pray for their return. Wherever they may be, however they may act, may Thy grace, O Father, abide with them, and give them true wisdom and piety. If we are unfaithful or indifferent to Thy work Thou, O All-wise God, wilt cause the light of Thy face to be withdrawn from us. If we turn vain or slothful or contemptuous, Thou wilt inflict on our heads merited punishment, and cause

others to be chosen for Thy work. Who are we, O Thou stern and just King, that Thou shouldst respect us? If others do Thy will better, Thy spirit must always be their guardian, and give them glory. We pray to Thee, awake us to our responsibility, and sinfulness. Bring timely repentance in our midst. Enable us to turn from our sins in time, and to conform to the holy standards of spirituality and purity which Thou dost set up in Thy house.

CONFESSIONS OF WEARINESS.

I FEEL I am sinking fast. My limbs are heavy, dull and so weak that they fail me; and my mind so helpless, lonely, so full of fear. Sorrow and despair will take away my sense. God, O my good God, my kind guardian, why dost Thou still hide Thy face from me? I have no faith that will uphold me in Thy absence. I have no secret source of piety that will comfort me, I have no friend near that will speak a kind word; my Father, hold Thy sinking child in Thy never-failing arms. Thou gavest me milk when I was a babe, Thou gavest me healing when I was sick; now that deep sorrow eats away my life, why dost Thou not come to my rescue? Lord, one word, one word, of assurance and hope I wait for. Only say Thou wilt deliver me from this strange wretchedness. To my heart I have said, be firm and faithful, but it fails me to my mind. I have said, bear all, but it heareth not; to whom can I appeal but to Thee? Give me the support of Thy feet, cause me not to be utterly cast away. Give me strength and life.

May 26, 1878.

WOUNDED AND STRICKEN.

BUT for this deep wound in my spirit, Lord, I would not seek Thy face so restlessly. Nay the false kindness of this world hath too long kept me away from Thy bosom, my only home. Now every thing is dark, cause Thy face to shine upon me. Now everything is unkind, Thy kindness is my only hope.

OBEDIENCE TO THY LAW.

GIVE me, O holy God, the health of a guiltless conscience. The freedom and strength of obeying Thy righteous will is all I seek. There is no way open to the abundant storehouse of Thy love, but meek obedience to Thy law.

SUFFERING AND SACRIFICE.

GH, the heart-ache of suffering and sacrifice which the greatest saints took upon themselves! Eternal God, none but those ready to stand with bleeding hearts in the field of Thy service, will ever behold the glory of Thy face. Who am I to hope to enter into Thy peace without paying the penalty of necessary pain? Every one who acquires the reality of Thy communion must make some sacri-

rice of comfort. Make me follow the general rule like others that I too may find my peace.

CERTAINTY OF FAITH.

WHERE is the certainty of faith, there is the certainty of understanding. The certainty of faith understanding cannot grasp and what part hath faith in the certainty of understanding? My God, amidst the dark perplexities of the world, and the strange conflicts of good and evil in life, I ask for the certainty of faith with such helplessness as my intelligence may naturally give. Yet all faith is misleading except what Thou dost inspire. From the faith that comes from selfishness and arrogance do Thou save me.

June 2, 1878.

REPENTANCE AND POVERTY OF SPIRIT.

AS water poureth from the sky often and abundantly, so, my Saviour, have these eyes shed the water of repentance, yet all my sins are not washed out. Sorrow deep and true hath pierced my heart, and for these long years I have sat without a companion in the shadow of the valley of death, yet Thou sayst my penance is not. I knew not before, O my Father, that true repentance was deep and constant. Cause me to cry more—yet more ceaselessly, more abundantly, more sincerely, because

my transgressions have been many and great. But can I forget that in the intervals of repentance, sweetest peace, the serenest holiness Thou hast given me to enjoy? Can I deny that through bitter tears my soul has been so cleared that the most wonderful effulgence of Thy unspeakable nature hath taken me away from earth to heaven? My God, the loud laugh, the angry quarrels of the world have sickened me, and the holy duty of penance I have all but forgotten. Thou Saviour of sinners, once more deliver me from the hardness of impenitence, and from self-consciousness and self-complacency set me free. The dignity of the man of inward sorrow I ask at Thy hands; yet not with my tears, but with the water of Thy grace do Thou blot out mine iniquities.

THE ANGEL OF POVERTY.

MY heavenly Father, the Angel of poverty Thou didst send to my doors, and she sweetly called me to Thy home. My household poverty hath stricken me and my family often, and our hearts have been heavy. There has been bereavement—there has been separation—loneliness is in my house. Yet, behold, my spirit is proud and complaining. Meek and long-suffering I have not been. Teach me forgiveness and patience, teach me silence and reserve. Cast me in the midst of the solitude of the unsympathetic world and let me learn gentleness in the school of pain. Wilful and selfish, Thy will I have not learnt to discern. The blessedness and grace of inward poverty, God, do Thou once more bring into

my heart. May I yield to the pain that comes from

MY ONLY CONSOLATION.

THEY would take Thee away from my heart entirely. O Thou my only consolation in this world of trouble. They would bind my eyes, deafen my ears and keep me from beholding and listening to Thy spirit. My God, Thou unchangeable, unutterable beauty of mine eye, what is the good of my being here at all if I am not to drink the *amrita* of Thy presence. My guide, my counsellor, Thou who art the eternal celestial music, and sweetness of my ears, what is there to hear in this false world but the melody of Thy voice. Speak to me, be not dumb even if all men should brand me as a mad man, cease not to show thyself in my solitude and perplexity. Thou art to me what no man was, or can be ; Thou art to me the only rest, the only hope that yet remains. My judge, my advocate, to Thee, therefore, I appeal with my tongue, ear, and eye and seek Thee ; hide not Thy face from me.

June 9, 1878.

A BEGGAR-PREACHER.

WHY is there not in our midst, O Lord, a single beggar-preacher, a mendicant going about the streets singing Thy sweet name and thereby

converting sinners? Such a preacher we need, at least one such man, that the true power of preaching may be fully tested and proved, and the high form of self-denial exhibited before the world. We have missionaries and preachers, O God, but they are far from approaching this high standard. They have renounced the riches of the world in a great measure, but they are not poor enough, not lowly enough. If one humble Theist is carried away by Thine overpowering love into some village or hamlet to sing Thy sweet mercy, will not his poverty and his fervent love convert many a soul through Thy grace?

IN THY NAME.

IT is said, O God, that the Hindu eats religiously and drinks religiously and that he rises with his God and sits with his God. Give me, Merciful Father, this spirit of all-absorbing devotion, and teach me the Hindu's thorough godliness. I am godly only when I pray, but when I am in the world I am worldly. I wish to see Thee in all things, and connect Thy presence and Thy religion with every act of my life. Grant that I may devoutly behold Thee in the rice and bread I eat daily, and be moved to tears by seeing Thy refreshing mercy in every drop of water I drink. Spread Thy sanctifying presence on all sides, O Thou all-pervading Spirit, and grant that whether I eat or drink, ply my trade or perform my family duties I may do all things in Thy name.

THY MERCIFUL PROVIDENCE.

GOOD God, whatsoever befalls us in the course of Thy merciful providence must tend to our spiritual advancement. Therefore we must trustfully rely upon Thee when the worst trials gather round us, and hope that the overhanging clouds will only make the sun come out in the fulness of time with greater and more welcome effulgence. The night is not terrible, if the cheering light of the approaching morn is a certainty.

SPEAK NOW.

WHY refuse to believe that Thou speakest now, as before, unto every one of Thy trusting children. Almighty God, make Thy thundering and thrilling voice a reality in this age of unbelief.

WHOM THOU LOVEST MOST.

GOD, how is it that whensoever I come unto Thee I see that all Thy persecuted disciples whom the world has mercilessly insulted, disgraced and maltreated, are dancing joyfully before Thy throne? It must be because they see in persecution evidence of Thy special love. Thou chastisest them whom Thou lovest most. Therefore, Lord, they rejoice exceedingly, and troubles only sweeten their hearts.

June 16, 1878.

MY HOME.

DAYS flow like water,, still I am far from Thy house, O my loving Father, call me in Thy presence. I pray unto Thee, call me in Thy presence. I have but few interests in this Thy good world, and those I can easily leave in Thy hands. Take charge of Thine own, the work that I do is Thine. only Thou gavest me to do it. It is not good that in going to do Thy work I should involve myself in the sin of worldliness and passion. In trying to draw near unto Thee, I have strayed far, far from Thy home. A wanderer always, I am doubly homeless now. Alone always, this is double loneliness. Into Thy home I would go to behold Thee, and drown the anxiety and loneliness of my soul. I would go there, and I would stay there the whole livelong day.

THE WORLD OF COMMUNION.

IT is to me a wonder that I do not go to seek Thee oftener. What joy is there for me in the world but that of Thy communion, and during the day what rest do I get but the unspeakable rest and consolation of speaking to Thee? What word of counsel and encouragement do I hear but in the closet of devotion? My God, my God, why do I not seek Thee oftener and oftener commune with Thee? If human friendship is so rare and consolation from men so difficult to be had, O my Father, it is only the more

necessary that I should run after Thee frequently in fervency of spirit. It has seldom happened that I stood at Thy door, and Thou didst send me away empty-handed and miserable ; it has seldom happened that I confided my sadness and cares to Thee and Thou didst refuse to give me marvellous peace. What makes me keep away from Thy sanctuary then, and prevents me from lengthened prayer and meditation ? Turn Thou me from the soul-misleading influences of the world to seek Thee and be with Thee. More faith in human goodness is necessary, O Thou all-seeing God, to make me good. If I suspect so much and so universally will not my nature darken, and wither away under its own suspicions ? Give unto me the blessed power of beholding worth and nobility in all Thy children that I may joyfully and trustfully move in the world. Teach me specially to see the worth of my opponents that I may learn to honour manly and truthful opposition.

LOVE AND CRUELTY.

CRUELTY and indifference when they are undeserved, clothe the soul in utmost tenderness. My God, Thou canst not be cruel, and even if Thou dost seem to be harsh, under that *harshness is love* ineffable.

June 23, 1878.

IMMERSED IN THEE.

ACCUMULATE in my heart, O Thou indestructible Goodness, the deep source of everything

sweet and beautiful. Fill my nature entirely, deeper, and still more deep. From the observation and praise of men, from the range and reach of remark take me away, and there transform me and make me replete with Thee. One hour sufficeth not for beholding Thee, and learning Thy purposes. Long and deep must be my draughts of Thy communion. Hot without, and burning within, restless and full of cares, drown me in Thy peace, in the ocean of Thy joy and purity drown me entirely. Lord, beyond seeing, beyond hearing, and beyond feeling anything of the world, carry me in Thy thought, as my sickness and sorrow are great.

THEE AND THY SAINTS.

HOLY Spirit, tell Thy holy saints to visit me in my loneliness. Invite them into the sanctuary of my heart. Let each one come, so loved, so honored, so adored by me, let each one of Thy departed children appear in my waiting soul, and there hold holy converse with it. Let me hear them praise Thee, point to Thee and teach me the sublime truths of life, death and heaven. I would fain learn from them the lesson of suffering, the lesson of renunciation, the lesson of brotherly forgiveness, love and living faith. Father, I need Thee, I need Thy immortal saints, my spirit crieth and craveth for them. Yet come Thou with them, breathe into me the light of recognition, hold my heart in check and balance that the honor and glory belonging to Thee I may accord to no one.

THY FAITHFULNESS.

ON earth, and in heaven who is faithful unto me, but Thou, my God of love? Thou wilt never be false or merciless, even if the world should forsake me in the evil day. There is eternal consolation for me in the thought. I can trust in Thee, safely, and forever. Yes, my head can be on Thy threshold till the end. How wilt Thou forsake one who has committed his body and soul to Thee? How wilt Thou forsake him whose only stay of life is Thy grace, whose wife, and children, and whole house will perish but for Thee? The cow can forsake its calf, the mother can forsake the babe that sucks her breast but how canst Thou desert the poor man who knoweth no one for his friend but Thee in this wide world? Therefore, Thou art faithful to me and mine. Cause me to be faithful to Thee to the end, and then enter into the home of the faithful children.

IN THE DEPTHS OF SOLITUDE.

WORD, let me choose to be secret and silent about Thee. Behold every discreet man is silent about his treasure, why should I not be? Is not faith folly to the foolish world, is not holiness a dream, and love the intoxication of sentiment? Yet these are my life-blood, my whole treasure in this world, and the next. Let me keep it away from the multitude therefore, let me bury it in the solitude which no one knoweth. And when the powers of evil press me, and the enemies of my life seek to

destroy it, and when poverty comes, and famine, and imminent death, I will fall back upon what is secret yet truly mine, and out of the abundance serve myself and my fellow-men.

June 30, 1878.

THE CHASTENING ROD.

LORD, Thou fulfillest the desires of those who cling to Thy feet. If popularity is unwholesome for Thy devotee and he longs for unpopularity, Thou dost hasten, O God, to stop the breath of popular favour, and chasten him with the rod of odium and persecution. It has never been Thy practice, my Father, to surround Thy devoted servant with admirers and gladden him with shouts of universal cheers. On the contrary history has recorded the terrible lashes of persecution upon his back. With him it is now all honor and praise and even fulsome adulation, and now it is all shame and abuse and reviling. Good God, how sweet to see Thy chastening rod in all our sorrows and tribulation! How profitable to be unpopular? Lord, give me the heart to welcome whatever cometh from Thee.

REAL INSPIRATION.

LORD, I have solemnly advised my intellect never to presume to manufacture scriptures and then commend them as Thy word. My intellect

ought simply to obey Thee and trust Thee and lean
on Thee. It should not be arrogant or presumptuous.
My God, what can my understanding know? Save
me from the pride of intellect and teach me to
believe that I can know or comprehend nothing, not
even the smallest truth, unless Thou dost reveal Thy
light directly before mine eyes. Be Thou unto me,
O Great Teacher, the source of all light and wisdom.
I am all darkness and folly.

GOD'S VOICE.

THEY tell me, O my Heavenly Father, to act
according to their counsel. They tell me that
I should not be so proud and conceited as to seek the
light of heaven directly, but should humbly abide
by the decisions of my best and most intelligent
friends and follow the salutary advice of enlightened
councils and committees. Father, this Thy child
cannot do, for Thou hast trained him differently. I
cannot follow men, for I do not understand their
language. Their words are a puzzle to me, and their
instruction but confusion. Thy language is neither
Hebrew nor Sanskrit. Thy voice is so clear. Speak,
O God, and let me hear Thee continually.

THE TREASURY OF HEAVEN.

I HAVE found, Lord of the treasury of heaven, a
small but wonderful purse in Thy house, for
which I give Thee my thanks. This purse is never
empty. It has always within it a few pieces of gold
and silver. This I take away and spend all its

contents, though mine adversaries now and then rob my treasure, yet my purse is not empty. Faith which builds empires and gathers jewels and pearls out of nothing is within me, O Merciful Father, and though they take away all my honors and pleasures and try to impoverish me, though they are all determined to make me ween and sigh amid penury, that glittering faith which Thou hast mercifully vouchsafed unto me shines in the purse and gives me abundant joy.

July 7, 1878.

GOOD IN EVIL.

WHY should men, O Lord, constantly use the language of despair and speak in a misanthropic spirit of passing events? So long as Thou livest and art with us there is no cause of anxiety or despondency, and it is only unbelief that can see terrific darkness in the course of Thy providence. Father, Thou art good, absolutely good; merciful art Thou, infinitely merciful. Can evil come out of Thy hand? Even if apparent evil should come Thou bringest good out of it. After a few minutes' darkness lo! light appears. Teach me to believe that the world is moving onward, though all old men, with their vast experience, should hold contrary views and try to shake my young faith. May I live and die a happy believer in Thy providence!

HOW AM I SO HAPPY?



I HAVE been asked by friends how it is that I feel so happy and cheerful. Lord, I have thought over the matter, but I find that the matter is inexplicable unless it be that I find immense strength and joy in daily prayer. Not health, not earthly prosperity, not flattering friends, not glittering riches, not books have caused the glow of happiness in my inmost heart. If I am at all happy, my God, it is because I pray. In daily prayer is nectar of unspeakable sweetness; in sweet devotion there is endless joy. My God, O my good God, I really feel very happy when I am with Thee. Father give me more devotion and more joy.

GRACE AND LAW.

NO be always guided by the law is miserable and vexatious. From the misery and vexation attendant on the bondage of the law set me free, O my God. The law of the Jews Thou didst supersede by the dispensation of grace in Christ. Almighty God, in the hearts of all Thy disciples, of all countries and races, cause the law-making power of faith to take the place of the blind observance of technicality and form. Open O God of inspiration, open in the depths of my heart those eternal springs of faith and trust, love and aspiration; from which new laws and fresh truths shall perennially well up and flow.

PRAYERS.

YOUTH AND AGE.

I AM still a youth full of youthful zeal and warmth. Lord make me old, I beseech Thee, before my time. I would fain be as a man of eighty. That is physically impossible. My God, make it morally possible. Bring upon my head the weight of age, with its wisdom and experience, faith and trust. Destroy the young man with his ambition and carnality and intense worldliness, and create in me the devout old man who is dead unto the senses and is perpetually absorbed in Thy love and joy.

July 14, 1878.

WHAT THOU DISPENSEST.

LORD, who can break that which Thou hast built, who can cause the shadow of Thy dispensation to be removed from the least and poorest whom Thou hast called to Thy house? Men may indeed try to spoil Thy purposes, and frustrate the holy ends with which Thou dost order and arrange events. But man is as straw before Thy might and the fire of Thy indignation. Let us meekly bend before what Thou hast enacted for our good, and accept the justice of Thy dealings.

MY HEAVEN.

THY communion is the land of my pilgrimage,
Thy communion is my promised land of joy

liberty. The house of Thy worship is heaven, and the house of salvation to me. I am no longer a dweller of this vain earth; my wonderful God, when I dwell in Thy presence, what care I who is my friend, and who is not, when I feel assured of Thy eternal friendship. In one way or in another, consciously or unconsciously, Father, always keep me within the circle of Thy wide communion, so that mine eyes may ceaselessly behold the light of Thy salvation and grace.

HELP FROM HEAVEN.

MY Beloved Father, Thy heaven is full of love and joyful help, what though the world be so void of kindness? Thy heaven is full of friendship, the friendship of the best and purest of all ages, and thine own everlasting love; why should I pine away at the thought of the loneliness of Thy servants on the earth? And does not the whole heaven of joyful sympathy and saving love come to him who gropes alone in the world, and feels after Thee, and girds up his soul in faith and fortitude with the thought of Thy nearness and mercy?

July 21, 1878.

ALL-CONQUERING FAITH.

MO me, O Father, it is a matter of life and death—whether I trust and depend on Thee, or commit my affairs to the hands of men. With worldliness,

death, stark death, stares me in the face. trust and absolute dependence upon Thee it is a light and strength. Teach me faith in Thee, then, faith in all things both great and small. That faith which is life, which is manliness and strength, I ask at Thy hands. That faith which conquers the keenest and cruellest disappointments, which imparts consolation in the midst of discouragement, and in darkness shines like light, vouchsafe unto me.

THY CONSOLING PRESENCE.

WHE deeper the unrest of my head, the profounder the rest which Thy presence administers unto my inmost nature. O my God, if I had not been sick and weak I should not have found Thee so unspeakably consoling. Prove unto me more and more the hollowness of the flesh and the relations of this world, and draw me forcibly unto Thee, deeper unto Thee. Thou art the eternal longevity of my soul; why should I fear the end of things?

PEACE AND GOOD-WILL.

UPON such of our brethren of the Brahmo Somaj as through mistake and honest principle continue the reign of hostility in Thy church, Father, cause Thy enlightening mercy to descend. And, those who through ill-will and personal bitterness prolong the period of unbrotherliness turn Thou to the path of remorse. Establish peace and good-will

g Thy children. Perpetuate the love of truth and rectitude, and so may Thy Kingdom include us and bring salvation to our doors.

July 28, 1878.

MY HOME A HERMITAGE.

ON the sweet banks of the waters of devotion build me a little hermitage, O my Father. I want at all times of the day the streams of love, purity, and tranquillity to pass by my door, and thus refresh my tired eyes and ears. During the time that I am actually engaged in prayer I am as if in the midst of the flood of all that is holy and beautiful. But when my season of daily praise and prayer is ended, unseen influences take me into the hot sands of a domestic life from which the coolness of Thy presence has fled. O Father, deeply water my household with my devotions, and so build my home that it be a hermitage, and that from it I may always behold the lustre and peace of Thy communion during the whole hot day.

EXCHANGE OF EXPERIENCES.

IT is customary, my God, amidst men to exchange the gifts of food and clothing. Friends send to friends what is precious and delicious. Say who is there among my friends, richer and more liberal than Thyself, that will send to me the gifts of Thy love

and peace. There is nothing more precious delicious than Thou. Tell those who are rich Thee to lay before me Thy wisdom, Thy righteousness and blissfulness. No one is too poor to be rich in this wealth. Of this treasure none need be denied. Other gifts I seek neither to make nor take. Only let Thy children and servant exchange inward experiences in Thee as the most valuable treasure. Make me wealthy in Thee, but always craving after more wealth.

August 4, 1878.

THE CHURCH A HOME.

BLESSED Lord, descend in Thy strength and fulness of love upon the feeble and frail flesh of Thy sorrowing servant, and raise the drooping head of pain. Cause Thy blessedness to remove the weakness that besets my life at every step and let Thy light so shine that I may behold it and beholding gain courage to advance. Lord, I am falling low, and I have nowhere to lay my head, and my comfort hath forsaken me. Now is the time for Thee to come to my aid and establish me in my place. Watch over Thy household, O Thou Supreme Guardian, and let peace and unity fill Thy fold. Bind Thy children in the eternal union of faith. In the time of danger remove their mutual discords and jealousies. May Thy spirit abide in Thy church and fill Thy sanctuary. May Thy house of prayer and praise be forever the home of the broken-hearted and the penitent, the refuge of the tired and the homeless.

DELIVER ME.

FATHER, I am a spirit begotten by Thy holiness and love. What have I to do with this flesh and blood that will so soon pass away? I am bound for the home and heaven where the immortal spirits sing Thy glory. My being longeth for the immortal sustenance of purity and peace, and my eyes thirst to behold the beauty of Thy face. But here in this world flesh and blood triumph over me and my body hath become master over my soul. Within the iron prison of the senses the spirit sitteth as a captive and gazeth at Heaven where it cannot go. Say how long this exile, O Father, how long this imprisonment. Free the hungry spirit of Thy servant and deliver it from the bondage of the flesh. In the abode of the spirits prepare a place for me, and even while I am in this earth, enable my soul to dwell in liberty and light with Thee in the paradise that is within.

August 11, 1878.

IN CRISES.

GOD, my Father, if poverty and suffering attack me, that is only the greater reason I should stick to Thee and be firm. When danger presses, as it does at the present moment, can I forsake Thee in the midst of the crisis? Because men blame me, am I to leave Thy door in despair? That is only the more reason why I should draw near to Thee. Amidst thickening misfortunes and growing darkness, cause prayer and a pure conscience to be my sole

refuge, and let me trust in Thee with increasing fervour and meekness. Supreme Spirit, Thy dealings with Thy church are the sources of much consolation and strength. But I find men mismanage Thy work, and their sins degrade Thy dispensations. I shall not desert them, therefore, but with dependence upon Thee, and under Thy guidance try to purify Thy Church, the home of my soul. Open our eyes, O God, to see Thy work in the proper light, and give us to interpret Thy dealings in a worthy spirit. Keep us always safe under the shadow of Thy protecting wings.

August 18, 1878.

POVERTY AND WEALTH.

WHY wealth is my wealth, and Thy power is my power, only if my will conform to Thine. Why should I complain of poverty? O my Father, raise our heart above the vain anxieties of the world.

PURIFY US.

WE have lost our original nature, because we have wilfully sold ourselves to sin. Restore our souls, O Supreme Spirit, and cause the children to be natural before Thee. For Thy purity becomes our nature when every power within us is offered to Thy service.

MY GUARDIAN.

THOU art my Guardian, watching over my interests with a watchful eye. What should I fear, whom should I fear when Thou art near to protect me? My God, shall dependence upon Thee cause my destruction? I commit myself to Thee, deal with me as Thou thinkest fit. For life and for death I am Thine.

September 1, 1878.

PURE IN THY SIGHT

WHY retribution will yet overtake me, righteous God, if I persist in secret evil. All hidden things Thou wilt lay bare. If I put on the appearance of heaven, and in my heart if I exult in wickedness and cruelty, Thou shalt never forgive me. O Father, if I seek the shelter of Thy mercy, and hope for forgiveness, cause my hardness of heart to leave me. How long yet will Thy son undervalue the heavenly value of genuine sincerity? To stop the slanderer's tongue, to escape the ill effects of hatred and enmity wherewith I am surrounded, to bless that my heart and life may be pure in Thy sight, and free from every taint of false profession.

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September 15, 1878.

WISDOM THROUGH SUFFERING.

LORD, my God, I would pour my heart in supplication before Thee. Continually the world is laying additional burdens upon my soul, and in the heaviness of my heart to whom can I speak more freely than to Thee? Thou teachest wisdom by suffering, and givest cheerfulness through trial and sorrow. O God, I bless Thee for all Thy dealings with me. Through all the events and affairs of my life lead me to Thy spirit.

A CHARMED LIFE.

FEAR no man, I have no cause to hate any one, because man is powerless to touch me. In Thy love, and by faith in Thee I bear a charmed life. The world may bring its strifes and temptations, my soul may be heavy and faint with struggling, but safe from harm I live with Thee, no danger can upset me. My God, the predictions of men are false, Thy wisdom and mercy are true. Thou hast ordained Thy children shall not die, and what power is there on earth to kill them? Our enemies may laugh to-day, but to-morrow they shall be disappointed. O my God may I stand firm in Thee for ever.

September 22, 1878.

FAIL ME NOT.

FOR these many years I have been Thy servant, O good and righteous God, Thy service has

my delight, and praising Thee has been my consolation and joy. I looked up to Thee for support and protection, to no man did I look up. In Thee was my faith, my faith was in Thee alone. When want and poverty threatened me, I had Thee by my side as a Father. When sorrow and disease vexed me I had Thee beside me as a ready consoler. Lord, be I sinful, be I unworthy, still I am Thine, Thy son and servant ever. I have tried to be faithful to Thee, I have tried to be true to Thy cause. Bitterly, O Lord, most bitterly conscious I am of my offences, and of the utter necessity of Thy merciful forgiveness I am deeply aware. But for all that, I can not get rid of the sense that Thy servant and son I am, and before Thee lies my case. Now cares surround me, and misfortune is at my door, and troubles are on all sides of me. My bodily strength fails me very much, and my mind is full of anxiety. I complain against no man, I cease to bear grudge against any-one, my cry for help is raised before Thee only. Refuse not to visit my heart at all times. Suffer me not to languish in pain and care. Lord, do not try my faith any longer, for Thou knowest I am very weak, what shall I ask of Thee? Be unto me all that I stand in need of. Be unto me a source of endless means under all circumstances of difficulty, so that my God, Thy servant may be fed and preserved, to serve Thee yet a while in this world.

MY SORROW

HOW long, O my God, wilt Thou keep Thy purposes veiled from me? Shall I for ever

walk in the darkness of my ignorance? Behold .
as a very foolish man before everyone. I turn hither
and thither not knowing how I might walk straight
to Thy threshold. No man's counsel approves itself
to my heart,—my God, my Master, my Father, I wait
to listen to Thy wisdom. I am but a pilgrim here,
no one is mine, nothing is mine. I would only follow
Thy will, O Thou safe leader of the endangered soul.
I would only walk after the light of Thy will. Why
then dost Thou hide it from me, why dost Thou
retreat from my sight, whom else shall I seek after
in this lonely unreal world? I have only one purpose
in life Thou knowest. It is to know Thee, to be
with Thee always, and to be faithful in Thy service
to the end. But I have not been able to know Thy
purposes; I am but seldom, very seldom in the
blessedness of Thy presence; and O my Lord,
Thy servant has not yet been able to serve Thee
to his heart's content. Yet I call upon Thee, and
find Thee not, and ask Thee to lift up Thine face
to me, and hide me in the mantle of Thy righteous-
ness, and yet Thou art afar off. Nobody takes me
to behold Thy purpose as my soul thirsts to do; they
are all silent and content, and I only burn in the
secret fire of sorrow. Lord, suffer not this worm to
be crushed to death, suffer not untimely disorders
to rob me of my ever-cherished vow. I will behold
Thy face, and in knowing and doing Thy will shall
my life be laid down.

September 29, 1878.

AGE AND TEMPTATIONS.

I HAD thought, O my God, that with youth all
my temptations and trials would be over. But

My calculations were wrong. Though I am becoming old, the perils of life have not ceased. I now find that youth has its peculiar temptations, and age too has temptations peculiar to itself. No period of life is absolutely free from trial. Grant me, Merciful Father, strength to resist the new trials that are coming upon me. I feel the need of increased faith, for the reverses and disappointments of life often damp my spirits and make me less sanguine about the future. Though old in age, may I not be old in spirit. May my faith and energy be ever young and buoyant.

INVISIBLE YET VISIBLE.

I AM very much opposed to the infidel doctrine which says that the heart of man cannot see Thee, O God. Thou art spirit, I admit, but the soul Thou hast created is spirit too, and the soul can see Thee in spirit and in truth. If Thy child cannot see Thee, how can he be happy on earth, how can he find strength to vanquish evil? Our brother and sister we see; shall we not see our Father? O my Father, we do see Thee, and Thou art so near and dear to us that we love Thee and feel the sweetness of Thy company. Therefore, I will not believe that Thou art invisible to the eye of faith.

PRAYERS.

LOVING AND FORGIVING.

WHEN rebuke my kindness, O God, as fatal to my religion, and advise me to renounce it. It is true, O Lord, as they say, that too many take advantage of my soft feelings and conciliating temper and so my generosity at times does harm. But still I must love those around me, and forgive offences a hundred times. Lord, I am not responsible for the consequences of my actions so long as I am in the right path. Teach me to be loving and forgiving till the last day of my life, whatever the consequences may be. Help me to be meek, though all the world should take advantage of me to carry out their own unworthy purposes and ruin my interests. May I always vindicate the cause of truth and love.

THY APPROVAL.

BE Thy approval, O Master, dearer to me than the hollow applause of men. What is popularity but the fleeting breath of sensational praise which soon passeth away? Thy smiles endure, and in them shall I seek the reward of my labors. Enrich my heart, O God, with the riches of gracious approval.

October 6, 1878.

OUR COUNTRY.

LORD, we lay our beloved country at Thy feet. Do Thou cleanse and sanctify it, and adminis-

to its starving millions the bread of life. Father, thy country was once great and glorious, but now it is abject and unhappy. Cause Thy right hand to remove the fetters of superstition and corruption by which India's soul is fastened, and bless her with true freedom. May our countrymen and countrywomen rejoice in Thee, Thou Great Liberator and India's Redeemer!

PEACE AND WAR.

DARK clouds are gathering over the frontier, God Almighty, hasten to our rescue. Appalling and sickening preparations for war have already commenced, and troops have begun to move. God Almighty, send Thy holy spirit to those places where our rulers are holding meetings and taking counsel of each other, and so turn their hearts that they may seek peace and not war. Teach them to war with their own warlike propensities and vanquish those great enemies—anger and ambition. Teach them, and teach captains and soldiers to believe that there is greater glory in promoting peace than in causing bloodshed, and desolation and death. Lord, may peace descend once more on this ill-fated land!

LOVING OUR FRIENDS.

IF we cannot love those who are always near to us and from whom we have reaped the greatest benefits, both temporal and spiritual, how can we,

PRAYERS.

O Lord, love the world at large? In vain we hope that we shall love those who are far while we hate and scorn our nearest friends. Give us, Father, true affection that we may be tied in enduring bonds to those who have been near and dear to us for many years past under Thy holy dispensation.


MY GUIDE AND FRIEND.

I HAVE found Thee to be my best guide and my sweetest friend O my God, and I will not swerve from this belief. I have tried other guides and other friends; they have all failed to answer my expectations. They know me not. How can they give me the wisdom and the solace I need? Thou alone knowest me, and Thou alone lovest me truly. Therefore in Thee shall I always seek light and joy.

October 27, 1878.

INSIDE THE HOUSE.

HOW long shall I stand at the gate and pray? Father, wilt Thou not open the door of Thy store-house, and relieve this hungry beggar? If so, when? Have mercy upon me and grant that I may no longer have to stand here outside Thy tabernacle. Thou hast given me the privilege to pray unto Thee, and for this I am truly thankful, but a higher privilege I now beseech Thee to grant unto me, O Merciful Father. Permit me to go in, and sit and



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in the company of those who in Thine inner
are enjoying deep and secret communion with
Thee. For Thy mercy's sake do give me permission,
O Kind Father of sinners, to enter Thy House.

SELFISHNESS.

WHEN I was in the world I was full of worldly selfishness. Now I am in the sphere of religion, and I feel, O God, I am full of religious selfishness. My sole object seems to be to acquire purity, faith and joy for myself, and make my own path to heaven clear. I care not for others. I am not interested in their salvation. I do not weep for their sufferings as I do for mine. I am content if I have prayed well and done my duty to myself. Thousands die of infidelity and sensuality in this land, but they excite no pity in my iron heart. Lord, extinguish this burning selfishness in my heart with the waters of Thy redeeming love, and grant that I may serve those around me with all the affectionate earnestness of a brother.

LOVE THY NEIGHBOUR.

IS it true, O God, that Thou dost not allow any one to approach Thy throne who does not love his neighbour? If he gives Thee love and devotion, if he enthusiastically sings Thy holy name, wilt Thou not accept his services? I am told that even the best worshippers do not find acceptance with Thee

PRAYERS.

if they hate and maltreat their neighbours. true, my God? Has he forfeited his right to address Thee as Father who wrongs and persecutes his brother? Then, Merciful Lord, teach me to honour all men as Thy children. As I grow in devotion, may I not be wanting in love and respect towards those around me! Help me to believe that if I do not forgive them that trespass against me I have no right to seek forgiveness in heaven.

IS LOVE A WEAKNESS?

LOVE, they say, is a weakness. If a man is too good and loving, others are sure to take advantage of him, and he will in the course of time lose all power and influence over others. But those whose sternness exceeds their love, and who know well how to return blow for blow are all powerful and the world, through fear, succumbs to their mighty influence. My God and Master, I have never been able to reconcile this doctrine to my mind, and have always looked upon it as a most pernicious error. What has made Thy name so mighty? Thy love. Then is love no weakness, but the highest power on earth and in heaven. Lord, teach me to adore and imitate the forgiving love which is in Thee.

October 13, 1878.

FORGIVENESS.

OH my God, teach me to love my enemies. Forgiveness is with me a mere theory and doctrine.

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I live in it, but when provocation actually comes before me I am upset and vanquished in a moment. The least insult, the smallest offence I cannot brook, I am so sensitive. And when I am angry I am altogether lost in fits of passion and nothing would please me then but the humiliation and ruin of my adversary. Lord, give me a loving heart and a meek and a lowly spirit, so that forgiveness may become quite natural and easy with me.

THY GRACE EVER NEW.

THY grace, O Lord, is ancient, older than the oldest thing, and yet when it comes to me it is always fresh born. Mercy that is old, stale and insipid I never received from Thee, but Father, whensoever Thou hast given me a blessing it has come to me fresh. Thy love is ever new. Whether it is food or drink I receive from Thee, or some precious heavenly treasure, it seems that Thy hand has just made for my sake. Thou dost not deal, as man does, in old things. Thy store-house is inexhaustible, and the supply of fresh things for my soul's nourishment and joy must be endless. There is no want in heaven. New Dispensations, new truths are always pouring down from above, showing that Thy love is always new and whatsoever comes from Thee is fresh.

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MY LAKSHMI.

TODAY the Hindus are engaged in the worship of the Goddess Lakshmi. Lord, Thou art my true Mother Lakshmi, for bread eternal and bread temporal both come from Thee. Thou art to me the God of material and spiritual prosperity. When Thou cometh to my house and abidest with me, I find in Thee all that I need. Thou art my wealth, my daily food and drink, my home, my Father, Mother and Friend, my light and salvation. I will not bow before idols, but dearest Lakshmi, my Mother for ever, I shall worship Thee in spirit and in truth

NATURE SPEAKS.

TO find Thee and see Thee vividly in creation must be my soul's delight always. Everything in the amplitudes of nature is to me a messenger from Thee, sent for edification. The sun and the moon, rivers and mountains, flowers and fruits have each of them some message to convey to me. Lord, may I gratefully receive the message and profit by it.

October 20, 1878.

CO-WORKERS WITH GOD.

THE number of Thy children is countless, but thy co-workers on earth are few, O God. In a small boat this small band seems to be tossing up

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wn the billows of the vast Atlantic. They are
off from the rest of the community, and are
devoid of their sympathy. Lord, do Thou help Thy
servants, and keep them together for Thy work's
sake. Shelter, strengthen and sanctify these few
labourers in Thy vineyard, and help them to conquer
and go on conquering.

HINDU-WOMEN.

WHY daughters in India are a noble race. my God.
Truly noble is their character. Bless them,
Lord. Their chastity and modesty, their gentleness
and sweetness are noble qualities which challenge
universal admiration. I thank Thee that Thou hast
made Hindu women so good. But Father, I am sorry
that they are still in the midst of darkness as regards
Thy holy religion. They have not yet learnt to
worship Thee in spirit and in truth. Oh ! how lovely
and graceful would my sisters look if to all their
estimable qualities they added the benign graces of
true faith. Help them, Mother, and make Thy
daughters good in all things, that we may love them
and honour them unto our salvation.

THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.

WHEY tell me, O God, that the day of judgment
is yet to come. I believe otherwise. Thy
judgment is not in the future, but is a present reality.
I feel it, I experience it daily in the depths of my

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heart. Every day Thou callest me to account, daily Thou awardest judgment. Thy court is never closed, O Supreme Judge of sinners. Teach me to tremble in Thy presence as Thou sittest daily on Thy holy throne, and grant that I may be cleansed and sanctified by the penalties that may be imposed upon me.

FORTITUDE.

WE are very sensitive, Lord, but Thy beloved martyrs were not so. The world persecuted them and threw upon them dirt and shame. Yet were they not troubled, but they firmly went on doing their appointed work. Teach us, Great God, to bear the attacks of friends and foes with fortitude, and remain unmoved in the discharge of our duties, though provoked by indignity and mortified by tribulation or the unkindness of friends.

November 3, 1878.

THE LIVING CONSCIENCE.

GOD, sharpen my conscience and make it acute. Why does it not rebuke and chastise me when I turn astray? Why does it not rule like a living King over my carnal propensities, and keep them down with irresistible authority? It is feeble, it is dull. It seems to have no vitality, no power. Often it speaks dubiously, and does not clearly

PRAYERS.

Listen me as to what I ought to do. Nay, my pure desires often win it over by bribe, and it seems to advocate their cause. Lord, save me from a delusive and weak conscience, be Thou, O Heavenly Teacher, my conscience.

CHILDHOOD AND AGE.

LORD, I will not barter the trusting simplicity and tenderness of childhood for anything that age may give. I value the wisdom of age, its circumspection, its superior judgment and vigour, but for none of these would I exchange the heavenly sweetness and amiability of earlier life. It may be, O my Father, that if I cling too steadfastly to the simplicity of childhood, I may fall into the hands of the artful and astute, and may be easily turned into an instrument in their hands to serve their purposes. Nevertheless, my God, help me to remain a little child in Thy house for ever, for my Christ has told me that of such is the kingdom of heaven.

THE MERCIES OF GOD.

I WISH I would tell the world from house tops all that Thou hast done for me, O God. That Thy mercy is infinite I not only believe but have seen with eyes open. To me Thou hast always been successively kind, and I have often wondered, my God, why such rich mercies were vouchsafed unto me. They are many and precious, O Lord, and my

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heart longs to tell others what they are. How hast fed me and clothed me, helped me out of great difficulties, and relieved my sufferings, how by secret counsel Thou hast often given me wisdom to vanquish error and sin. I wish to describe with a thundering voice, in order that the unbelieving may believe in Thy providence.

THE LORD CARETH FOR MY FAMILY.

MY sceptical heart hath often asked ;—who will provide for my wife and children? As often hath faith answered,—the Good Lord. I am apt to think that because I am leading the life of a devotee, I am enjoying Thy bounties immeasurably and am always fed and nourished by Thy watchful and merciful providence. But as regards my wife and children I think they are not under Thy over-ruling care, and I must, therefore, look after them. Therefore, my heart sometimes pants after riches and worldly affluence that those who depend upon me may be enabled to live and prosper. Such scepticism, Holy Saviour, do Thou put down with Thy redeeming grace. My whole house is under Thy protection, my entire family Thou hast undertaken to nourish and bless. Then am I free from anxiety. I will not think, but I will trust Thee.

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PRAYERS.

November 10, 1878.

SAVING FAITH.

IF I have no faith, Lord, my charity and my vaunted righteousness and asceticism are of no avail. They cannot save me. Faith is the one thing needful. Therefore, my God, give me faith that I may cling to Thee and Thy Dispensation firmly and steadfastly in the midst of life's dire trials. If I am vicious and wicked I shall not despair, for through faith I shall be saved. If I am the worst of sinners, even then I shall escape the jaws of death, for faith, the friend of sinners, will save me. Vouchsafe unto me saving faith, O Blessed Redeemer, that it may sanctify this sinful heart.

THE SANCTITY OF HOME.

BETWEEN the husband and wife there ought to be deep spiritual love, O God, for then alone can they work together cordially to sanctify and gladden their home. If they pursue different paths, and are not united in Thee, discontent and sorrow shall prevail in their midst, and through sin and confusion shall their children be reared. Therefore I humbly pray unto Thee to turn and convert the heart of my wife and make her in all things my companion and friend in my journey to the holy land. How happy shall I be, if I can serve Thee conjointly with my wife and children, and make our home wholly Thy home.

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CHILDLIKE TRUST.

MY friends around me say they must know and understand before they can believe. They wish to believe through the intellect. This satisfies me not. This awful doctrine makes me tremble. Lord, give me such faith as can believe and trust on the authority of Thy testimony without inquiring into its why and wherefore. Blessed are they who have not seen and yet believe, who understand not and yet trust. I wish to be included not among intelligent sceptics but among the trusting babes in Thy fold. I wish to believe whatsoever comes from Thee, that I may not perish through doubt and unfaithful inquisitiveness.

LOVE IS ITS OWN REWARD.

IF I love others, my God, what is my reward? I must renounce all my good things and valuable possessions, and sacrifice my best interests, my reputation, wealth and health for the benefit of others. And when I am reduced to penury and distress, dishonour and shame, the world will ridicule and persecute me. What reward then have I? Dost Thou reward love with sorrow? No, my Father, in true love there is deep and unutterable joy. Love is its own reward. Those who love seek not a distant heaven, but find sweet heaven in love itself. Father, give me such love.

PRAYERS.

November 17. 1878.

HOW I LOVE THEM.

I WISH to be loyal, O Lord, to all Thy prophets and apostles, and wish every day to kiss the dust of their feet. My Jesus, how I would love him and honour him and press him to my bosom. My Paul and my Socrates, Oh! I would make them the idols of my heart. Father, grant that my loving reverence for them may be secret and deep like the gushing stream hid in the hills, and not superficial and showy. Lord, may I love them with true love even as the wife loveth her husband.

MY HYPOCRISY.

THIS servant of Thine, O Lord, though long in Thy service, is not sincere. My conscience says I am a hypocrite. For I deeply feel, my God, my thoughts and feelings, my wishes and aspirations are not so high as my position, and my character does not correspond with my reputation. Men say I am good, but my heart knows and testifies I am not good. Then am I truly a hypocrite before Thee and the world, and I beseech Thee, Merciful Saviour, to root out this evil and make me what I profess to be.

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MY GOODNESS.

ALTHOUGH I am a bad man, Father, I am a good man too, because I pray unto Thee. I have nothing on earth, and I am one of the poorest of men. Nevertheless I have a jewel which makes me richer than kings. Am I not very rich with the riches of faith and prayer, O God? And although Thou knowest I am vile, wilt Thou not lay Thy hand on my head and bless me as a good man because of my humble prayers? Surely I am good if I can only fall at Thy feet. Father, this goodness, this treasure, may I cherish everlastingly, and Thy son is blessed indeed.

SENSUALITY.

WHERE are men, young and old, who are so far carried away by their sensuality that they do not scruple to go to houses of ill-fame. Lord, these erring and unfortunate men, who have chosen the high road to destruction, need Thy redeeming grace. Almighty Redeemer, stand in their path as they go at night to the favourite haunts of vice to defile and kill themselves, and with stern rebuke drive them back to their homes. Catch them by the hand and frighten them with Thy thundering voice, saying "I am here, go not to the bed of profligacy and infamy," so that they may fear and tremble before Thee and abandon their vicious habits.

PRAYERS

November 24, 1878

HEAVEN'S DRUM.

I HAVE heard again, O Lord, the sound of Thy drum telling all nations that Thy Kingdom is coming. That cheering sound I heard long ago, I have heard again, and my heart leaps and dances with abundant joy. Like a faithful and spirited soldier may I rush to the battlefield, rout Thine enemies, and prepare the way of my King and the King of the world. Come Holy and Mighty Ruler, come and establish Thy kingdom in our midst. True, most true it is, my God, that Thy kingdom is coming, or Thy chosen prophet and interpreter Jesus Christ would not have said so. Yes, the kingdom of heaven is coming. Teach my heart, good God, to rejoice and prepare.

HOW SHALL I BE SAVED ?

GOD, hast Thou decreed that I shall no longer enjoy the sweetness of Thy company, and that there shall be no more progress of my soul ?

Child, behold My countenance, and let My smiles give thee joy and hope for ever. Thou shalt be saved, My child.

THE BLESSED ONES.

BLESSED are they that trust their heaven-appointed captain in the hour of peril.

PRAYERS

Blessed are they that dwell together as a
beneath the feet of the Lord, and always love one
another though persecuted and insulted.

Blessed are they that touch not the bread that
man giveth but feed on the rice the Lord sendeth.

Blessed are they that rejoice in the midst of trial
and tribulation.

BLESS MY CHILDREN.

I HAVE children, O God, and they need Thy blessing. If they turn astray when they advance in age, and run into the path of impurity and wickedness, they shall bring disgrace and sorrow upon me and continually torment my heart. But if they become righteous and learn to love Thee and serve Thee, they shall be my delight and honor and a priceless treasure all the days I live. O how happy shall I be, Lord, if I can daily offer united homage to thee with all my children assembled round the family altar. Make me and my children co-workers in Thy vineyard that we may serve Thee together and rejoice together, not only here on earth, but everlastingly in our heavenly home. I entreat Thee, Father, bless my children.

MY TIMIDITY.

MY friends say I am a very timid man, O my God, and I believe they are right. I am afraid of the world and of worldly men. I always

PRAYERS.

They may destroy my faith and purity, and make me selfish and sensual. They may take away the warmth of my prayer, and the sweetness of my communion. Therefore I wish to stay far from the world, hid in a cave in the depths of my heart, so that the world may not molest or persecute me.

December 1, 1878.

CHARITY.

MY Father, I have forgotten the simple lesson of charity. Because I am poor can I not be charitable? Teach me to be good to others. With one drop of tear a man may give greater happiness than with much gold and silver. Why have I not wept with the weeping and with the smile of affection lightened the burden of the weary? Every word of sympathy is a charity to the poor. O God, teach me to be kind-hearted to my fellow-men.

THINE TILL THE LAST.

HOLY Saviour, suffer Thy old servant to remain in Thy house until the end. I sometimes deeply fear lest I forsake Thy covenant. Bear witness, O Thou All-seeing One, how my own vile impulses induce me to be unfaithful to Thee and Thy children; how bad counsel and bad example make that temptation very strong; and how the wretchedness and helplessness of my circumstances tend to

PRAYERS.

draw me elsewhere. But be Thou with me till the end. Because I have so many enemies, therefore shall the more fall back upon Thy help. Lord, I can not do Thy work efficiently and well, but let me continue in it till the end. Father, I cannot worship Thee and meditate upon Thee as I would, but suffer me to approach Thy throne in prayer and praise until I die. May my last breath be in Thy service and in Thy house.

MY ALL-IN-ALL.

IN utter helplessness and perplexity once more I stand before Thy door, my good Master. Who is there to make any inquiry after me but Thou? Lord, even one step before me I do not know. I know not what may happen to me the very next hour. Behold, I am entirely dependent upon Thy will. Houseless, friendless, and really poor, with unutterable confidence Thy old servant looks up to Thee. From many a grievous difficulty Thou hast saved me in past time. I have seldom known any help but Thy help; Thy Providence has really been to me a father, friend, and ready counsellor. How can I forsake Thee in the moment of need? In silent trust is all my strength. In perpetual prayer I hope to know Thy mind. Lord, cause me to stand before Thee in perfect obedience. Create in me the blessed consciousness that Thy love and Thy purposes uphold me.

PRAYERS.

December 8, 1878.

MAY MY LIFE GLORIFY GOD.

LORD, in the maturity of manhood teach Thy servant to live out the full measure of his life. Enable me now to bestow Thy gifts to me on Thy numerous household. Lord, may I hide nothing, neglect nothing, despise nothing, of what Thou hast given me. But in Thy name, for Thy glory only, may I make the best use of all things I have, to serve Thee faithfully. Father, this life, which Thou hast conferred upon me, is a glorious responsibility, make me able to be fully true to it. Preserve it, Good Father, for Thy purposes, preserve it to bear testimony to Thy goodness and power. Much opportunity has been lost, what little remains I pray that I may be able to devote to Thee.

GOD DOETH ALL THINGS WELL.

ONE thing keeps me up, O Lord, amid the trials and troubles of life, and that is the faith that Thou orderest all things for my eternal welfare. If I were in other hands I would certainly be anxious. But why shall I fear when we are all in Thy safe-keeping, myself, my family, my country. When Thou art our Shepherd we are safe, and must be always content and happy. Evil approaches not where Thou sittest as Guardian and Friend. Good God, make me entirely Thine.

PRAYERS.

HAPPY THOUGH LONELY.

WHERE I formerly was, many friends gathered round me. But where I now am there are so few. O God, why is this so? The regions I now dwell in are so inaccessible, that I believe it is for this reason that so many have refused to accompany me here. In this new country the dwellers have more self-denial and quiet communion, more brotherly love and joy than I found in the old country. Therefore, my God, they have deserted me. They like not the law with which Thou governest this land, nor the discipline to which Thou demandest allegiance and subjection. Father, teach me to live happily in these higher regions though deserted and lonely.

PRAISE AND CENSURE.

IF I am cunning and unrighteous, the world will approve of my conduct and by false praise spoil me. If I am good the world will condemn me, and by abuse and censure destroy my purity. Therefore I have resolved, O my God, never to listen to the voice of the world. Its praise and condemnation are alike delusive and killing. Father, save me from its evil counsel and make me recline on Thy bosom always, my Master and Guide.

THE NEW BEATITUDES.

BLESSED are they who accept the whole dispensation as divine..

PRAYERS.

Blessed are they who weep as soon as the brother weeps and rejoice as he rejoices.

Blessed are they who never complain but submit to the decrees of Providence.

Blessed are they whose eyes and ears are turned inward to see and hear the Sweet Spirit.

December 15, 1878.

AS THE BRIDEGROOM.

LORD, Thou art coming to us as the bridegroom attired in wedding dress, and among all Thy people there is great rejoicing. The young men and the young women, the old men and the old women have gone out of their houses to meet and welcome Thee, and some are peeping through the windows to see thy sweet and lovely face. Everywhere there is joy among Thy people. But those who have sold themselves to infidelity rejoice not, neither do they believe that Thou art coming. They are weeping all day, and their heavy hearts nothing can cheer. Father, gladden them, too, that we may all dance and rejoice.

THE BLESSING OF A HOLIDAY.

HOLIDAY is the time for children to play. Lord, whenever I get a holiday in the midst of my numerous engagements, let me go into the inner playground and there play with thee and those little

PRAYERS.

childlike devotees of whom thou art so fond. they are playing and dancing round thee with joytul hearts! I wish to be among them and to share their joys. Lord, vouchsafe unto me this privilege, that whenever I have leisure I may put off my gravity and the disagreeable heaviness of worldly occupations, and make myself happy and cheerful in the company of the saints above.

MY TRUE WORTH.

THEY consider me to be a great man, but I am not. They honour me, Lord, but I deserve not the honour. They extol my power and influence, but I am lowly. They expect of me great things, and I disappoint their expectations. Father, my Merciful Father, tell them I am not what they represent me to be. Even a hundredth part of the honour they ascribe to me I have not. I am not among the rich and mighty in the land. Then why should my neighbours always expect me to do wonders? My God, Thou hast made me poor and powerless that I may profit by my lowliness. But they always tell me I am rich and great, and they may defile me by their flattery. Lord, make me humble and save me from imaginary greatness.

THE TRIALS OF PREACHERS.

OMNISCIENT God, known to Thee are the peculiar disadvantages and trials to which preach-

PRAYERS.

are subject. They must always preach high truths, they are bound to do so. Even if they feel not what they say, they must still go about preaching. In whatever mood of mind they may be, whether favourable or unfavourable, they must fulfil their profession. If they are dejected and dispirited they must talk of faith and hope. If they have become impure, they must preach unto others purity ; if there is disunion among themselves they must advise others to cultivate love and fellowship. Thus, O Lord, their lips may become false and their hearts hypocritical. We, therefore, pray unto Thee, grant unto all those who are engaged in preaching Thy truth sincerity and candour, faith and purity that their lives may not belie what they preach.

December 22, 1878.

GOD, THE IDOL OF MY HEART.

THOUGH I am not an idolater, O Lord, I should not wish to see an idolater surpass me in devotion or loving communion. I have given up the worship of stocks and stones, but shall I give up with it all that sweetness of personal attachment, all that fervour of prayer and piety which the idolater unquestionably feels towards his deity ? Forbid it my God. May the entire change be objective, but may my subjective life retain all the enthusiasm of those who see and love the idol of their hearts. Be Thy reality dearer to me than the image is to those who worship it.

PRAYERS.

THE FIRMNESS OF FAITH.

CAN I reject, Almighty God, a little of the faith I solemnly adopted in Thy presence in the earliest days of my religious life? Thou didst call me, and I came to Thee; Thou didst indoctrinate me, and Thy Living Word I accepted. Can I now, Holy God, throw off any portion of it which no longer finds favour with me? Hast Thou bound me everlastingly to Thy truth, and is it Thy will that I should always steadfastly cling to it and never depart from it in the least? Those around me have often told me that men, as they advance, must outgrow the ideas and doctrines of their earlier years. Father, I doubt the wisdom of these men. It seems to me that having once accepted Thy covenant I cannot recant. To every letter of that holy and inviolable covenant I feel bound to adhere. Lord, give me firmness and faith that I may never become an apostate.

WHY WE LOVE GOD.

WELL me, Father, what is it that makes us love Thee. Thou art an invisible spirit; the eye cannot see Thee nor can the ear hear Thee. Yet Father, these unworthy servants of Thine love Thy face and are delighted every time they realize Thee in the soul. Why, why is this? We are not saints, we are sinners. We are immersed in iniquity. And yet we love Thee as our Father and Mother and our dearest Friend. Lord, I ask again, why is this so? Verily there is something so sweet in Thy love that even sinners find it impossible to resist it. We

PRAYERS.

Love Thee, not because we choose to love Thee, but because we are constrained and overpowered by Thine infinite love. Teach us to sing always that our Father is sweet and our Mother is beautiful.

LIFE—A BIBLE.

MY life is a beautiful and illustrated Bible, and the more I read it the more I feel happy. It records incidents of Thy merciful dealings, O Lord, which refresh and edify me. I am so fond of this book that all other books lose their interest in its presence. It is full of wisdom, full of sweetness. How Thou hast dealt with Thy servant from his early life giving him education and wealth, wife and children, trusted friends and co-adjutors, a home and its comforts, and how Thou hast given succour in the hour of distress and want, and wiped off tears of agony, my Good God, all this is written in letters of gold in the sacred volume of my life. To the world it is a sealed book. Its contents are not widely known. I read the book secretly, and secretly, my God, I enjoy it. Humbly do I thank Thee, Father, for this precious book.

December 29, 1878.

THE GLORY OF OUR RACE.

THE glory of our race, O Lord, lies not in us but in our elders, those whom we honour and

PRAYERS.

revere as saints and prophets. It is they who show the nobility which is in man. We by our thoughts and actions prove how far man may degrade himself. But they show, O God, how far man may exalt himself. In us human nature is brought down to the level of the lower animals, but in them we see it raised to the heights of heavenly purity and goodness. Therefore teach me, my God, to give the tribute of my loyalty and love to those to whom it is due. May their examples enlarge my faith and hope and sanctify my life.

REASON AND FAITH.

WHERE is a war between reason and faith in my soul, and I feel sorely troubled, O God. Reconcile their differences, Father, and bring harmony into my soul. Thou hast told me to make faith the supreme king, and place all faculties and sentiments under its sway. If faith is once enthroned and its authority established, there shall be exceeding peace and happiness. Then help me, my Father, to curb my reason and understanding, and make them stewards in the service of the holy faith Thou hast given me, so that they may always obey and never rebel. Make me, Infinite Spirit, a man of faith, and deliver me from the lust of the flesh and the pride of reason.

PRAYERS.

THE INNER SANCTUARY.

I WISH to have a quiet and unruffled heart, my God, such as the *yogis* struggled to attain. For the sake of tranquil communion they retired from the world to hidden places, and there they sought Thee with singleness of aim and with undivided devotion. But I live in the midst of the world's cares and temptations, and my mind is, therefore, like a bazar where I in vain seek the joys of retirement and solitary communion. Grant, Merciful God, that I may subdue all vanity and vexation, and rest quietly in Thy bosom. The religion of the market-place I seek not, but that which would speak to Thee and hear Thee in whispers amid the solemn stillness of the inner sanctuary.

REJOICE AMID TRIBULATION.

I KNEW, my God, that such things would happen. Then why shall I change my faith or conduct? When I was first baptized by Thee into Thy holy faith Thou didst clearly tell me that the world would persecute me, some through envy and jealousy, others owing to difference of opinion, and Thou gavest me solemn warning always to forgive the enemy and always to stand by Thee. Why shall I then complain in a sceptical spirit, of opposition and unpopularity which are inseparable from faith, or seek vengeance in an unbrotherly spirit because a host of enemies have sprung around me? That is not antagonism which looks like it, for it shall in the end intensify my faith and benefit the world. Nor are they mine

PRAYERS.

enemies who profess to be hostile, for they brethren in Thee, and I am bound to love them even more. Grant, my beloved God, that I may always believe and love, and rejoice amid tribulation.

January 5, 1879.

REAL FAITH.

LORD, let faith in Thee suffice for my soul in everything when difficulties are real. Cause my faith in Thee to be real also. And in proportion to my misery cause my dependence upon Thee to grow also. He that lives in Thee to have faith, is the master of untold treasure.

INTERNAL RELIEF.

WHEN circumstances from without press upon me, O Father, why do my sins also oppress me so grievously? If Thou wouldst only give me internal relief, much of all this pain would be bearable. Bless me to be able to rest in Thee uncomplaining.

January 12, 1879.

FRIENDS IN THE SPIRIT.

WHAT is the value of a friend who can tell me the secrets of heaven and with whom I can

PRAYERS.

joyfully in Thy presence, O my God? He is more precious than gold and silver, than pearls and diamonds. Therefore will I cherish him in my heart and prize him above all things. Lord, make my small circle of my soul's friends dear to me, dearer and sweeter than life itself.

RESPECT THINE ENEMIES.

WHEN I had many friends around me I thanked Thee, my God. Now that enemies encompass me, shall I not be equally grateful to Thee? Lord, friends and foes are alike benefactors to those who live in resignation and faith. If friends give us joy, our foes teach us wisdom and patience and guard us against danger. In their antagonism is my salvation. In the troubles they cause is much healing. Therefore, Father, teach me to respect mine enemies as my instructors.

FOR THE MAGHOTSAV.

IF there is bitterness or malice in any of us, Lord, exterminate it, for our anniversary festival is drawing nigh and demands brotherly union. Can I enter the scene of festive joy with the dark dismal heart of a sworn enemy? Can I profess brotherhood while my heart is bent upon retaliation and resentment? O God of Love, the vindictive are not admitted to the gathering of Thy loving children. Therefore I pray unto Thee, Father, deliver us all

PRAYERS

from ill-feeling and unite us in Thy tabernacle
we may all rejoice in spite of our differences.

TRUTH MYSTICAL.

THEY have asked us, O Lord, to explain our position more fully and if we did so, they would love us and respect us and withdraw their charges against us. Father, they know not what they say. If we say more of our faith, it will be more and more mystified. Our explanation will not render it clearer but will only make it far less intelligible than before. Thy truth, O God, is a mystery to the world, and the things of the spirit are darkness unto the men of the world. What can we do? May we not make things darker by attempting to explain them, but may we draw those who wish to know unto Thy throne that they may in the fulness of time receive Thy light from Thee direct.

January 19, 1879.

I AM CALLED.

WHERE is overwhelming evidence before me, O my God, to prove that I am among those whom Thou hast gathered under Thy special providence, and whom Thou lovest with abundant love. My constant trials and troubles are one proof, my unpopularity is another, my sweet communion with Thee is another, Thy kind guardianship over my

PRAYERS.

family and children is another. Thy benignant smiles are another proof. And many such proofs there are, O Lord, which assure us that Thou art mine and that I am Thine.

SOCIETY AND SOLITUDE.

SOLITUDE is my school, O Lord, where I learn contemplation and communion. But I am born for society; there I am destined to work and live. Therefore, I pray unto Thee, Merciful Father, teach me to seek solitude occasionally for my soul's discipline, and to love society that I may serve it daily and give my services for its benefit. Intensify, kind God, my attachment to those whom I am called to serve, and make me so thoroughly their servant that I may never do aught to estrange my heart from them. As I grow older may I be more and more fond of the company of friends.

TEACHINGS OF EXPERIENCE.

FATHER, I must prize the teachings of experience above conjecture and imagination. Men fancy that if they only seek Thy kingdom, they and their children shall starve, and their earthly interests shall be jeopardized. But I have seen the contrary in my life and in the lives of all those who have sought Thee alone and Thy kingdom. We, Thy servants, can bear testimony to Thy providence,

PRAYERS.

and can say from daily experience that Thou
est and givest us our daily bread, though we seek
it not. We will not be worldly-minded ; riches and
temporal benefits we will not seek. For we believe,
O God, that in asceticism all things needful are to
be found.

BLESSINGS DURING THE UTSAV.

BEAUSE Thy choicest blessings, O Lord, to des-
cend upon those who are coming to our
anniversary festival. After a year's troubles and
trials they are coming to Thy temple with high hopes.
Father, fulfil their hopes and aspirations, and give
their hearts rest and joy. Men and women are
coming to Thy holy shrine to gather purity and
wisdom, love and joy. O God of our festival, give
them what they want and fill their hearts with
heavenly treasures. We are beggars at Thy gate at
this time of the year. Our wives and children, our
friends and relations are all looking up to Thee humbly
and hopefully. Lord, fulfil our expectations.

January 26, 1879.

HOLY EXCITEMENT.

THE anniversary festival has roused our spirits,
O Lord, and inspired hope in our hearts.
Help us to keep up our enthusiasm and consecrate
our lives to Thy service next year with greater

PRAYERS

and zeal than before. The fire of holy excitement I will cherish in my inmost soul. Let not the world quench it, but let it burn and burn more brightly and destroy all my impurity. Kind Saviour, inflame our enthusiasm.

BLESS OUR ENEMIES.

THOU hast taught us to look upon our enemies as benefactors, and to love and honour them as such. Lord, how much are we indebted to our foes. But for them we would lose a great deal of our faith and purity. They succeed where our best friends fail even when they bitterly persecute us. Father, bless our enemies.

February 2, 1879.

GOD IN THE OUTER WORLD.

WHY does not that rose speak to me to-day as it did yesterday? Lord, command it to inspire me.

Twice have I touched this spade, and yet it does not electrify me. Why is this, O God? The humble instruments wherewith I work daily are full of Thee and are sacred. Teach me to feel Thee when I touch them.

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HASTEN TO ME.

TIME is with me a great thing, and, therefore, I beseech Thee, O my God, to hasten to me. Let not Thy redeeming grace be tardy in coming to me. Let not Thy chariot move slowly. Lord, come quickly. Lord, come to the cottage of this sinner. Father, delay not. A day lost will only add to my agony. Therefore, Father, I again say, send Thy grace unto me immediately. Saviour, come with lightning speed and sanctify and gladden my heart.

MY THREEFOLD MISSION.

ON my head art Thou, O God. On my shoulders I carry Jesus and Chaitanya, and on my bosom is my church. I will adore Thee and love Thee. I will honour those prophets and love them. I will serve and love all my brethren assembled in Thy holy church. O Father, grant that I may not forget the threefold mission. Grant also, O Lord, that I may not divide my interest and allegiance between Thee on the one hand, and Thy prophets and thy church on the other, but that I may, while loving them, love them in Thee and through Thee.

February 9, 1879.

ESTABLISHED ON HOLY GROUND.

GUARDIAN Spirit, establish me and my household on Thy holy ground. Speedily recon-

PRAYERS.

to our lot. Distrust, discontent, doubt, do Thou drive away from our hearts for ever. We are the servants of Thy holy Dispensation. Whatever Thou givest, cause us to receive with true gratitude and faith. Teach us to lean on Thy bosom in moments of uncertainty, and anxiety, and in all troubles put unfailing trust in Thy purposes.

THE SPIRIT OF THE DERVISH.

IN the midst of the luxuries and joys of my home, Master, bless me to possess the spirit of the Dervish, guard me that nothing may rob me of my poverty and obedience. O God, the temptations of the world always draw me hither and thither, and I am sorely afraid, lest I lose my dearly acquired virtue, amidst this storm of worldliness. O my Guide, pilot me safely to the land where poverty, purity, and resignation to Thee abound, that when I leave this world I may find Thee there.

TRUE PEACE.

BLESSED God, make my joy solid and real. I discover that no peace is lasting and true except what proceeds from a conscience, pure and undefiled. Thou hast proved to me that even the joy of devotion and meditation, which is so deep, is short-lived, and impure. My Father, I pray to Thee for the unmixed blessedness which is the effect of doing every duty I owe to Thee, and to my fellow-men. Drive away every evil thought from my heart,

PRAYERS

check every impure wish, and in giving me utmost purity, give me ever-lasting peace.

THE IDEAL AND THE ACTUAL.

THOU lovest not the man, and saviour, who says a thing, and does it not, who conceives a wish, and does not carry it out immediately. Delay and indifference in living a life of truth Thou dost visit with signal punishment. I have long lived the life of falsehood. Indifference to conquer my hateful passions and propensities has hardened my nature. I come to offer my adoration and prayer to Thee, but all the time keep away in a corner of my heart lusts and abominations. And, therefore, Thou dost abhor my devotions, and send me away empty-handed. Destroy the sources of falsehood and evil in me, and let me carefully and anxiously redeem all my promises before Thee.

February 16, 1879.

ABOVE ALL TEMPTATION.

GREAT God, we desire to be above all temptation. We wish to attain that high spiritual condition in which the soul cannot be tempted. So long as there are things around us which can lure us into evil we are not safe. Lord, be Thou so dear and sweet to us that the very possibility of the hollow and impure pleasures of the world influencing our

PRAYERS.

propensities may be precluded. May all our desires and wishes be for ever immersed in the nectar of Thy sweet and redeeming love. May we pant for nothing but Thy joy!

February 23, 1879.

PATIENT AND FORBEARING.

FENDLESS patience, endless forbearance and forgiveness I ask Thee to teach me. My Father, make it impossible for me to descend to anger and envy. Make my gravity sweet and inviolable, and my forgiveness calm and unruffled in its depths.

THE DETAILS OF DAILY LIFE.

IT is the small and wretched details of life that defeat me and prove my unworthiness. O my Father, in small things guard my thoughts and words; save me from small vices. In doing Thy commandments enable me to remain firm and pure to the end, mindful of the least things that my work demands of me.

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PRAYERS.

March 16, 1879.

ABSOLUTE DEVOTEDNESS.

ONLY teach me, O my loving Saviour God, to devote myself more fully to Thee, I ask no other blessing. I begin to see why the saints of old sought complete immersion in Thy spirit. Lord, leave nothing of myself in me, but make me Thy instrument in every part of my life. Living or dying make me speak of Thy grace and salvation only.

MY DESTINY.

NOW can I grow old in Thy work, so long as Thy spirit is with me, my Master. They have given up hope of me, but my heart is full of sanguineness and buoyancy. My Father, I have not yet finished the service which Thou hast given me, and my spirit is restless to glorify Thee. In the midst of my prostration, refine and purify my whole being that when I rise I rise refreshed to run in my course with double zeal and strength.

THE CROSS AND THE GRACE.

NOT yet, not yet, O my beloved Deity, have I received the promised sanctity of holy Theism, and that apostolical devotedness, without which Thy saving religion cannot flourish, is not in me. Or why should I fear poverty, why should I feel physical

PRAYERS.

ness in Thy service and worship? Cover and conceal my poverty in a cheerful reliance in Thy all-powerful love. Cast away my bodily weakness in the faithful resolution to be Thy servant, and once more cause Thy servant to stand up in Thy name. Thy cross it is difficult to bear, but Thy grace sufficient for all difficulties.

THE UNATTAINED HEIGHTS.

THOU witness of the spirit, it is after the difficult and unattained heights of spiritual life that my heart aspires. My tongue dares not utter before any man the yearnings of my soul, and my sentiments soon get beyond the sphere of speech. Thou knowest my heart. What more have I say than this that let my life and character bear testimony to the marvels which Thou dost daily work in Thy servant during the time of devotion. Lord cause me not to be ashamed of Thy worship and inspiration. Steadily and until the end let me struggle to work out the spirit of Thy great and secret religion, till all hidden things be revealed, and we all stand glorified in Thy light.

March 23, 1879.

LOVING FIDELITY.

HOW can I cease to be faithful to Thee, my Gracious God, so long as the breath of life

PRAYERS.

yet remains in me? Thought, speech and may be enfeebled, and I may lie low in the dust, so many others have done; but, All-seeing Spirit, my whole being throbs in loving fidelity to Thee. My sinfulness has been sorely tried by temptation, my weakness by fears, the disdain and discouragement of men have visited me in my affliction, but the thought of Thy graciousness sufficeth for me morning and evening, and in conscious faithfulness I stand as near to Thy throne as ever. All I pray for is do not drive me hence. From Thy soul-filling contemplation, the purifying lights of Thy devotion, Lord, do not cast me away. Because Thy name is my tower of strength and salvation.

THE MINISTRY OF JESUS.

BY the bed-side of the sick, by the couch of the lonely and weary Thy beloved son stood. My God, I feel his sweet-ministering spirit close, very close, to me. But, Father, he has gone and left Thee in charge of us. Let unspeakably consoling unto me is the tender ministry of Jesus, and his blessed memory more dear to me than the empty lives of so many who profess his religion. God of love, bind the souls of the ailing and penitent in holy sympathy with the wondrous life and death of Jesus. Cause us to feel that his glorious ministry is still exercised in the world, and bring us in contact with those men who are truly his ministers. Loving God, let sympathy with every form of suffering spread. Let genuine consolation be given unto those who mourn alone. Let the humanity of Jesus be our humanity, and his love our love.

PRAYERS.

March 30. 1879.

CHRIST AND INDIA.

WHY is there so much opposition to Christ, Thy beloved son, in this land?

Even they who say they believe not in him, yet believe in him.

GOD AND MAN.

MOST Thou speak to me, my God, as Thou speakest to no other man? Am I Thy favorite?

I speak to all. There is no favoritism in heaven. Only a few listen to me, others do not; but I speak to all.

YOUNG INDIA.

CAUSE Thy blessing to descend, O Lord, upon the young men of the land. The youthful and educated classes of our countrymen need Thy guidance, now that they are beginning to turn to Thee. It is gratifying, Father, to see so many of Thy children stirring themselves up and giving up materialism and scepticism. They are coming out of Egypt, but they know not the promised land. Do Thou show them, Lord, the better land, Thy heavenly kingdom, and help them to enter therein. Grant that young India may yet find the light as it is in Thee.

PRAYERS.

THE CHASTENING ROD.

I AM a troubled man, a persecuted man, O Lord. But the source of my trials and tribulation is not on earth but in heaven, not in the oppressions of mine enemies around me, but in Thy heavenly dispensation. Not they, but Thou hast laid the rod upon me. Thou hast sent me the bitter cup. Thou hast made my heart bleed. Therefore I rejoice. I am comforted by Thine assurance that the cup is a healing cup. I have wisdom and faith enough, Good Father, to understand that Thou art chastising me only to chasten and gladden me. My mad soul sometimes smiles when Thou comest to chastise, for I see Thy sweet loving hand behind the cup.

April 6, 1879.

DENYING GOD.

CAN I deny Thee Lord ?

Thy lips may, but Thy life which is in Me cannot.

THE LAWS OF HEALTH.

IF I break the laws of health do I violate Thy law, O God ?

Yes, The laws of health are as sacred as moral laws.

PRAYERS.

UNSECTARIAN LOVE.

GRANT, O God, that the Brahmos may not be an exclusive body. May they unite in a cordial spirit and with brotherly affection with Christians, Hindus and Mahomedans, and deem none unworthy of association. May not bigotry and fanaticism make them narrow-minded. Enlarge their sympathies and make their hearts large as humanity and wide as the earth. Give us true unsectarian love that we may love man as man and as a brother without prejudice, without pride.

THE RELIGION OF THE HEART.

THE world has tied me and chained me by its stiff rules and hollow conventionalism, and will not allow me to open my soul unreservedly unto Thee or behave towards Thee as I would. Constrained by despotic critics, I am leading a public life which is not my own. Father, have compassion upon this man who is forced to adopt and practise the religion of "gentlemen" and grant that my private life, at least, may be entirely Thine. If I talk to Thee as a philosopher when critics are around me, may I talk to Thee as a child and an enthusiast when I am alone or with my select friends. Grant, Good God, that my heart's homely religion may never be defiled by the world's civilization.

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PRAYERS.

April 13, 1879.

REJOICE IN GOD.

OUTSIDE the narrow shell of selfish sorrow, O God, what glorious mansion of joy and tranquility hast Thou laid up. Make me able to move out of my trivial sufferings, and enter into that wide abode of happiness where all things live. There is no cause to mourn, while Thy kingdom rejoices. Thy peace is wonderful and ever great. My Father, make Thy peace and the joy of Thy kingdom mine at all times, and especially at those seasons when the miseries of my own self become too much for me.

ONE HOLY WOMAN.

LORD, wilt Thou not raise even one of Thy daughters in Thy Church to show the example of noble and holy womanhood? Cause Thy grace to be manifested in the hearts of the other sex that, at least, two or three of them may be inspired to take up Thy religion, as the joy and occupation of their entire lives. Raise, at least, one of Thy daughters to influence Thy other daughters, and may devout and holy women multiply in Thy Church.

PRAYERS

April 20, 1879.

MY TRIALS.

DO my trials prove, O Lord, that Thou art not with me?

They prove that I love Thee, for I try those whom I love?

THE DICTATES OF CONSCIENCE.

SHALL I follow the dictates of conscience, my God, or Thy injunction?

Thy conscience is my injunction. They are identically the same thing.

A PROGRESSIVE REVELATION.

IN a closed gospel I cannot, I will not, believe, O my God. Mine is an open gospel, which still continues. Thy love is fresh every morning, and Thy dispensation new every day. Fresh chapters and verses Thou art continually adding to the gospel of Thy providence, and I cannot, so long as my eyes see and my ears hear, believe that it is finished. Thou, O Lord, art my living God, and Thy love is ever new. Therefore, help me, Father, to look forward always to what is coming, and grant that my hope for the future light may be as great as my faith in the light vouchsafed in the past.

PRAYERS.

LOVING CHRIST.

MY countrymen tell me, O God, that if I love Christ they will no longer extend to me the right hand of fellowship, and will persecute me and hate me as an outcast and an alien. Father, am I to blame for having loved Christ? Hast Thou not taught me to love him tenderly as my brother, as Thy beloved son? Father, teach my countrymen to believe that where Thou art Thy blessed and holy child is sure to be, sooner or later, in spirit, if not in name. There is one thing in sweet Jesus, which teach me to love above all things, the blood he shed so freely for me and the wicked world. That is precious, indeed, and who will not love him for its sake?

April 27, 1879.

BLESS THIS CHURCH.

MAY Thy choicest blessings, O Lord, rest on Thy holy Church and those whom Thou hast gathered in it! We need Thy guidance, Father, for we are weak and easily tempted, and there are a thousand insidious dangers hidden in life's paths. Vouchsafe unto us daily a fresh downpour of Thy sanctifying spirit that all the good seeds Thou hast planted in our hearts may grow luxuriantly and yield abundant harvests. We beseech Thee to grant unto us firm faith, large-hearted charity, fervent prayer, deep communion, justice harmonized with mercy, unflinching veracity, meekness, childlike simplicity with mature wisdom, asceticism mingled with domestic

PRAYERS.

virtues, unflagging energy and sweet contentment amid the trials of life. Let us not rest satisfied with the imperfect conventional piety of the world, but let us strive to attain the perfection of communion and purity. We are Thy flock, Good Shepherd, keep us under Thy protection and save us for Thy mercy's sake. Prosper Thou Thy Church, God Almighty, and make it the receptacle on earth of all that is true, and pure, and good. May it go forth in Thy might conquering and to conquer.

May 4, 1879.

TENDER AS WOMEN.

OUR hearts are dry as stone. Faith does not blossom there, nor doth love flow from them. Thy devotees are always women, O Mother. Hard-tempered men cannot comprehend Thy tender nature. They sing of Hari far and wide in the country; but they are not privileged to enter the Zenana. Do Thou, therefore, O Supreme Mother, make us tender as women. Grant that like them we may be modest and bend in reverence and faith at Thy feet for ever.

CHRISTIANS IN INDIA.

GOD, bless the Christians in this land. Make them Christ-like in their character, so that they may influence those with whom they come in contact. Our country, Lord, wishes to see that meek and

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amiable child of Thine, who, they say, was verily, lamb. But as Jesus lives no longer in flesh, do Thou, O Merciful Father, afford us opportunities of seeing his love and purity in his disciples and followers. May they reveal unto us, though partially and imperfectly, the glory of Thy dear son !

May 11, 1879.

OUR YOUNG MEN.

GOD, cause Thy spirit to enliven and sanctify, the hearts of our young men, and especially those connected with our universities. They are the hopes of our country, O Lord, and if they grow into scepticism and materialism great will be the disaster. But if they grow in Thy love and service the land will be happy and they that dwell therein. One devout young man, in whom faith and learning kiss each other, shall be a light unto hundreds, and from him shall go forth blessed influences to purify and gladden the land. Merciful Father, convert the hearts of our youthful countrymen to Thee and save them from infidelity and sin.

INDIAN WOMEN.

WHY youthful daughters in this desolate land have gathered at Thy feet, O Father, and are asking Thee to help them. Lord, how weak and helpless are they. Left to themselves, they will surely

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pass away, and in sorrow they will live and die. Cheer them, Good God, and place them under Thy guardianship. Their interests are identified with ours, and in their happiness is our happiness. Do Thou, kind Father, preserve our wives and sisters and daughters in Thy safe keeping.

June 1, 1879.

ABSOLUTE SELF-CONSECRATION.

THE time for absolute self-consecration, O my Master, seems to be near at hand. Therefore prepare me for it, Father, prepare me for it soon. Thy work is great, I am small. Thy work is world-wide, I am narrow and circumscribed in all my feelings and ways. Thy work is all-absorbing, I can spare nothing from it. Thou dost demand my all. I have no wish to keep anything from Thy service, when Thou dost command me to it. But to whose words can I listen except to Thine. Lord, enable me to consecrate the remainder of my life to Thy service and to Thy worship.

THE PROBLEM OF POVERTY.

THE cry of poverty is once more sent to assail Thy doors, O Lord. Hear Thy servants and hasten to their relief. There is no earthly friend, and earthly means there are none. It is all vain talk and vexatious quarrel. At Thy gate my spirit waits,

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and my wants are only known to Thee, my hopes are centered on Thy mercy alone. Nothing can protect Thy dispensation, but the light of Thy infinite wisdom, the light that Thou dost shed on the hearts of Thy servants. Behold, we are darkened, we are groping in hopeless darkness, and our counsels disagree. Deep, unremedied poverty stares us in the face, and degrades us every day, and our wives and children. The support of man avails us not, and our supporters are turned against us. Lead us out of our difficulty, and cause Thy protection to descend upon our defenceless hearts and homes.

June 8, 1879.

THE PROMISED SALVATION.

THE promised day of salvation has been long delayed, O my Father. I have waited for it and longed for it, and now cry unto Thee again. On that day Thou hast said my whole life shall be holiness and light, my whole life shall be one unbroken chain of Thy service and worship. On that day Thou hast said I shall have no more quarrel with any man, but give and receive unspeakable peace and love. My God, my Master, when will that day come? I can wait no longer. My sin and cares are too much for me. Hasten the day of Thy promised salvation, Thy servant prayeth.

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MY DESTINY.

I HAVE resolved to give my all, and in Thy name turn a Fakir. My God, Thou knowest the desire of my heart. To the uttermost limits of my power I have resolved to keep and spread Thy truth. Say, Father, what keeps me back? Why should I not now and at once set to satisfy the long-cherished objects of my soul? O Thou Guide, condescend to show me where I am wrong, show me where I am insincere. But I beseech Thee, as time is short, lead me at once to do the thing for which Thou didst send me to this world.

June 15, 1879.

MY HOME IN HEAVEN.

I HAVE been in this foreign land for about half a century, living in a small tent with my family and children, or roving about from place to place with my fellow-travellers. Of sight-seeing I have had enough, and the pleasures and riches of this country I have enjoyed to satiety. I feel weary in this far-off land and amid strangers I have no real joy. Therefore, Father, I heartily welcome Thee here. Cheer me with glad news from home. My heart yearns after home news. Good God, delay not but pour into the heart of this weary and fainting way-farer full and refreshing tidings of all that is transpiring in that dear and sweet home. Tell me first how is Jesus, Thy blessed child, my honoured benefactor, upon whom Thou hast laid the crown of glory. Where

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is he? How is he? What is he doing now? Dear Jesus! does he feel anxious about his disciples in this world, and does he speak to Thee now and then about them? Tell me all about him, how he sits with Thee, and talks to Thee, and communes with Thee in the highest heaven. He is absorbed in Thy joy, I know. Yet I should like to hear more of him in detail, for I love him and honour him, and anything Thou wilt reveal unto me about his life in heaven will be so gratifying to me. Then there is another prophet in Thy home, whom I greatly honour. Of that blessed soul also tell me all that I long to know. Where is good Chaitanya, my beloved brother? Perhaps, he is kissing Thy feet in a trance of joy, or drowned in the ecstasy of love. Are my surmises right, Father? Oh! how happy are those groups of devotees holding united service in Thy garden above! And those smaller groups of holy families seated round the family altar, how happy are they! Father, how do those childlike saints play with Thee, and run about the play-ground with Thee, their Father and companion! Oh! Those joyous little souls, bright and charming spirits,—how I love them! Lord, tell me something about their pleasures in heaven. How are those venerable sages getting on, Confucius, Moses, Zoroaster, Socrates, Sukdeva, Janak? Do they often meet together to sing in chorus Thy sweet name? Tell me also how are those flowers and evergreens and little creepers of love and devotion which loving hands have planted all round Thy mansions, and those fountains of inspiration in front of Thy holy throne, sending forth ever and anon genial streams of pure bliss. As Thou art sweet, my God, so is Thy heavenly home sweet, and everything in it, and all my holy fathers

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and mothers, brothers and sisters abiding there in Thee and with Thee, are also dear to me. Therefore, my heart pants for news from Home. Graciously vouchsafe unto me from time to time glad tidings from that happy land, so that Thy child toiling in this far-off country may be cheered and animated to do his work here, and encouraged to look forward with faith and hope to the joy that awaits him there. May I not dream amid the unrealities of this shadowy world, but grant, good God, that I may see and realize my distant paternal abode as a true believer. Father speak, speak again and again about Thy Home and my Home. Blessed child, I bless thy words, they shall do thee good. Thou hast done well in casting off the thoughts of this life, and turning thine eye homeward. Yes, my child, all the honored and loved spirits whom thou hast named are enjoying unspeakable delights in heaven. They are exceedingly happy with me, and I am always happy in their company. We are here a most happy family.

June 22, 1879.

WHO IS MY MASTER?

I HAVE so many masters, O Lord, that I am quite perplexed and know not whom to follow. If I please one, I am sure to annoy another. If I act under the directions of one, I must disobey the counsel of another. My counsellors are many, my God, and they are always insisting upon my giving up my self-will and surrendering myself wholly to their judgment. They would fain crush me and buy

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up what remains of me. They will not allow me to exercise my freedom in the least, but will keep me chained beneath their feet as a bondsman. In all the details of my daily life I must refer to them for advice, and not only my pursuits and avocations, but my studies and prayers, my beliefs and convictions, my tastes and aspirations, must all be regulated by their advice. I am confounded, and I implore Thee, O my Father, to come to my rescue.

One only is Thy Master, even thy God and Saviour. I alone will instruct thee and guide thee. Thou shalt not bow before any other master. He that acknowledges another master, the same is an idolater and a traitor. He shall be punished for his treason and his idolatry. Give thyself up entirely to Me, thy true Friend, thy loving Father, thy faithful Master, and I will guide thee unto salvation.

But they say Thou canst guide me only by general laws of morality which Thou hast engraven upon the tablet of the heart. Thou declarest only general ethical principles, such as, veracity, charity, gratitude, forgiveness. Beyond this, men say Thou givest no rule of conduct.

The infidel world may think so. My devotees will laugh at, and protest against this obnoxious and sceptical theory. I guide my children at all times and in all matters. If they surrender themselves wholly to Me, I answer every question of their anxious souls, and give them the fullest light for their guidance. Have I not spoken to thee, my child, often and often, and to all believing and trusting souls?

My experience tells me, my God, that when I prayerfully and humbly rely upon Thee, Thou speakest in whispers through my conscience. But at other

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times I feel I am acting according to my own judgment, and I feel tempted to think carefully and consult books and men with a view to ascertain how I ought to act.

If My children do not hear My voice at times, it is not because I desert them then, and cease to teach them, but because they do not pray for My guidance. Whoever desires to be taught by Me and by Me alone, will find Me a ready helper always. Those of little faith regard me as a small and incomplete ethical primer to be consulted now and then in important matters. But with the most advanced devotees I am as an instinct, quietly guiding them in all matters of life, religious, social, political and domestic. They do not eat except under My advice. They do not read, they do not walk, they do not seek recreation and amusement without My permission. They are Mine and they are instinctively led by My spirit unto truth and salvation. Ask not, think not, but resign thyself to Me completely, My child, and thou shalt find My scripture and Mine inspiration dwelling in thee.

June 29, 1879.

MY SECRET VISITS.

FATHER, I do not know whether Thou wilt scold me or reward me for what I did the other day. But I must tell Thee what I did. I have two notable weaknesses. Omniscient Lord, Thou knowest them. I am inquisitive, and I am very fond of indulging in high themes. Actuated by these feelings and

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sentiments, I now and then go secretly to the mansions above to see what Thy beloved saints are doing. Not being a saint myself, I am not allowed to enter the main gate of the glorious abode. I, therefore, sat upon the wings of meditation, and was thus enabled to soar very far into the regions above. There I found, O Supreme Spirit, that I had gone beyond the limits of the world and of time, and was already in the vast domain of eternity. Suddenly a crowd of saintly devotees appeared before me amid a blaze of light with two towering spirits in their midst, whom I happened to recognize at once. Father, how I rejoiced to see Jesus and the prophet of Nuddea meeting together to dine in Thy house. They had a goodly repast with the rich provisions Thy heavenly storehouse supplied, viz :—love, purity and joy in abundance ; and then embracing each other they danced joyfully, drinking at intervals the nectar of Thy sweet love, till at last, they both fell senseless in true ecstasy, and Thine arms lifted them and pressed them to Thy bosom. The scene gladdened me, O my God, and I was unwilling to come away from so charming and fascinating a sight. Bless those prophets Lord, and grant that those blessed and happy spirits may, from their heavenly abode, send chastening influences to me and those who are near and dear to me.

July 6, 1879.

THE MINISTER.



NUMBER of my fellow-countrymen have assembled at Thy door, O God, and have

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desired me to speak to Thee on their behalf. They have certain questions to ask and certain grievances to represent. Lord, what shall I tell them?

They need no intercessor, no interpreter, let them come and speak to Me direct. I will have no mediator. To the humblest of my children I shall grant an audience, and the poorest sinner is privileged to speak to me.

But they dread Thy presence, and argue that men cannot see the Invisible God, nor hear His voice.

Let them come in.

They will not, my God; they prefer standing outside the gate of Thy house. They tremble as they speak of Thy spotless throne and the sanctity of Thy presence. If they see Thee, they say, they will be burnt up in the fire of Thy holy presence. And as Thou art a Spirit, O God, they deny the possibility of their seeing thee so long as they are on earth. They desire to transact their business with heaven through properly-constituted and authorized agents, keeping themselves in the shade. I have been unfortunately asked to lay their petitions before Thy throne.

Who art thou that they so confidently rely upon thee and thy advocacy? Why dost thou come as their spokesman.

Lord, I am one of their ministers appointed by them to minister to their spiritual wants and preach weekly sermons for their enlightenment. Therefore, I believe, have they deputed me, just as a congregation would appoint their minister to pray for them.

Yes, I would admit thee as a minister, but not in any other capacity. As an intercessor, or pleader, or as a special favorite of mine whose voice alone I attend

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to, thou canst find no admittance here. My nineteenth century dispensation dispenses with mediatorial redemption. I will have none to stand between me and my children. What right hast thou to represent thy countrymen? What peculiar merit dost thou possess which the other have not? Why should they not come in as freely as thou hast done.

Father, I have no exclusive right, no peculiar merit, except this that though I am a great sinner, a greater sinner than many of them I believe in direct vision and object to mediatorship. I have told them repeatedly to come to Thee, my Father and their Father, but they will not. I am bold in spite of my sins and unworthiness. They are humbled and unpretending, and therefore, they dare not come. I cannot bear to be cast away from Thy presence. Not to see Thee is darkness and death to me. Therefore I always try to come to Thee direct. And I feel so glad to sit at Thy feet and speak to Thee. O it is such a pleasure Father. If for nothing else, for the sake of the joy and happiness of it I must see Thy loving and sweet countenance. Thou hast captivated me by the sweets of direct vision.

So will I captivate all thy countrymen. Let them not look upon thee as a mediator, but simply as a friend. And when they wish to speak, let them come into my house. If they wish to speak privately I will receive them in my private chamber, I wish to see every one of them, and if they love me, they must come and see me, and not simply send me letters and formal petitions.

Lord, I will give them the glad tidings.

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July 13, 1879.

DOTH GOD SPEAK ?

DOEST Thou speak, O Lord, and is it possible for men to hear Thy voice? Hundreds have gravely assured me that such a thing is utterly impossible, and that it is foolish to expect the Spirit to speak. Good God, enlighten me, and clear my doubts.

O Thou of little faith, dost thou not know that to believers in all ages I have spoken repeatedly, to Hebrew prophets and Hindu saints? And if I have spoken, then can I not speak now? Have I lost my power of speech, or can it be that I have cruelly cast away the present generation?

Lord, they say Thou hast no tongue, and that Thou art altogether a Spirit. How canst Thou speak?

I do not speak as men speak. Yet have I a voice which all true devotees can hear. It is the Spirit's voice audible to the spiritual ear.

Tell me, Father, if this voice is a sound, and whether it comes to us as a sound.

No. The whole thing is spiritual. There is neither sound nor language nor gesture. When I speak, I speak as the spirit alone can speak, without tongue, without lips. I never address the ear, but the soul.

In what shape then, O God, Almighty, does Thy voice come to us?

As a clear communication of wisdom, as a quickening influence, as an overpowering impulse, as a strange combination of events in life pointing to a lesson for guidance, as a sudden awakening of the whole soul to a particular duty, as an apprehension of signs and indications in nature.

In what language dost Thou communicate Thy will to us, O God?

It is the language of the heart. Neither Hebrew nor Greek, nor Sanskrit nor English, but the plain vernacular of the heart's natural convictions and feelings. I speak unto every man in his own native dialect which his heart alone can understand. I speak to him in the very language in which his heart addresses Me. His heart speaks to Me through silent yearnings and unspoken questionings, and I make him understand My truth through the faith and impulse of his own heart?

Does man always understand Thy voice when it comes to him?

Yes, invariably. If I speak to my child surely he must understand what I say, or I speak in vain. I always speak with a view that men may understand and follow me. Therefore is the word of God always intelligible. The babe who seeks it, understands it. The philosopher who does not care about it, stumbles.

I have other questions to ask on this subject, Lord, gave me leave to interrogate Thee.

Go on my child. If thou art really anxious to hear, I am bound to speak.

Is it to every body that Thou speakest or only to a chosen few. Some of my neighbours, who belong rather to the orthodox school, have told me that only one in a million is privileged to receive Thy message, that Thou wilt not condescend to speak to the vulgar masses. Some go so far as to say that in these days of all devout men and believers in India, Thou hast chosen only one man to hear Thy heavenly voice. Is it so, my God?

Let not men accuse me again and again of being

the God of select favorites. I am no respecter of persons. I make no respecter of persons. I make no distinction between Brahmins and Sudras. All men, yes, all men are privileged to hear me I, the Lord of all, speak unto all. Old and young, rich and poor, wise and illiterate, saints and sinners Hindus and Christians, to all men have I granted the privilege of hearing my voice.

Then, how is it, Lord, that they themselves deny the thing? I have asked most of my Indian and English friends if they have ever heard Thy voice. They say with one accord—No. Nay, they ridicule the idea.

If they will not hear, it is not my fault. I speak. That is quite as true as that I exist.

Graciously explain this point, Good God. How can it be that Thou speakest to Thy humblest children, and yet they do not hear.

Sometimes they cannot hear because of their sins. Sometimes they do not hear because of their infidelity. And sometimes they hear but they arrogantly or ignorantly credit themselves with the voice.

Father, hast Thou ever spoken to me?

A million times.

Where, my God, and when?

In thy soul, morning and evening, day and night, week after week and year after year.

How?

Draw near to me, child, and let me lay my hand on thy head and bless thee, before I proceed to explain matters.

Here I am, a poor sinner, humbly kneeling at Thy feet. Vouchsafe unto me Thy saving light.

Dost thou feel?

What.

A peculiar upheaving and exultation of thy soul?

Yes, my Lord.

Then listen and answer. Daily thou feelest hungry, and daily thou eatest thy bread. Do not men say they eat because they feel hungry and they think it proper that they should eat? What dost thou say? In truth and in faith must thou speak?

I eat because Thou sayest—"child eat" And when I am attacked with fever Thy word of counsel comes to me, "Eat not."

How do I speak to thee on such occasions?

Through hunger and fever.

And do I speak intelligibly and distinctly.

Yes, Father. Though I hear no sound, the voice of Thy spirit on the soul is perfectly clear.

When thou art about to do something wrong, is there any admonition or remonstrance within anything that tells you not to rob thy neighbour not to cut thy neighbour's throat, not to cause thy wife and children to starve, not to torture an innocent man? If so, whence comes this warning?

Unquestionably from Thee, O Lord. Yes Thou warmest the heart of man to eschew whatsoever is wrong, and Thou commandest us to do our various duties. Conscience is evidently Thy voice.

And are not special events too in thy life, such as misfortune or prosperity, my voice?

Yes, Almighty, through them Thou dost often enjoin Thy children to be humble, sober and godly. Through special circumstances also Thou dost advise some men to become merchants and others missionaries.

Here look at this pretty rose. Does it say anything to thee?

Yes, beloved Father, through the smiling rose Thy

smiling lips say unto me,—“Child, I love thee, and therefore this charming token of my love I present unto thee ?

Dost Thou hear my voice ?

Yes Lord, I thank Thee and bless Thee.

July 20, 1879.

HEARING GOD'S ADVICE.

MY friends are still unsettled, O God, on the subject of hearing Thy voice. They admit the phenomenon if it is general and universal. But where it is special and supernatural they turn sceptical. They will not believe that Thou hast selected any particular man or body of men to sit near Thee and receive Thy teachings continually in some miraculous manner.

When I speak and My people hear, there is nothing supernatural or miraculous. It is an every day occurrence, quite as natural and common as an ordinary physical phenomenon, such as light and air. I speak to all, and everybody can hear Me if he chooses. That only a few favoured prophets hear Me is a relic of ancient mythology. If men believe it now, they are only reviving exploded fiction and dead error. There is not a man in all India who can speak of My voice as his monopoly. As well might a millionaire speak of the sun as his monopoly. Let no man stand before My people and say,—“Ye receive me as your leader. For I alone am privileged to hear the voice of the Lord and receive His communications. He hath chosen me as His

instrument, and through me alone He shall speak in these days. Me He hath miraculously inspired. Ye hear Him not. Believe, therefore, in me." If there is such a man in the midst of thy community, thou shalt put him down as a pretender and an impostor, and treat his arrogance with contempt.

Is there no miracle, Lord, in hearing Thy voice? Some men or other have stood up in all ages or been represented as standing up to claim miraculous inspiration, and entire nations have prostrated themselves before such prophets, and heard Thy, Gospel from their lips. It is said that they fell into a trance, or saw a vision, or beheld a flame. Angels we are told, came to visit them, and gave them messages from Thee. O Lord, my God explain these profound secrets of inspiration, and give my troubled hearts light and peace.

Men may invent miracles, but the Lord thy God worketh no miracle. I am Nature, with Me everything is natural. I cannot transcend Myself. Supernaturalism is opposed to Me and My nature. All My ways are natural. I set my face against anything that is contrary to nature and science. If men wish to hear My voice they must be prepared to go through simple natural process of hearing. And those who pretend to have heard My inspiring voice, must be able to show that they have in hearing me satisfied the conditions of science and not violated them in the least measure. I hate vision and mystery, and will make no communication in dark places, but in broad daylight. I shall have no false prophets. They impose upon the credulous and the simple-minded, and do great mischief. Have no faith in those men who talk of vision and miracles. To hear Me is as easy and natural as to breathe. Men are not required

to fall into a trance or go up to mountain heights. In the midst of their daily life and avocations, My voice may enter their hearts.

Wilt Thou speak when I am eating, or walking or reading?

Yes.

And when I am surrounded by customers in my shop quite immersed in business?

Yes.

Thou requirest no Yoga, no trance, no regulation of breath?

No. All that I require is Faith in conscience—the one thing needful.

July 27, 1879.

REVELATION AND SCIENCE.

WORD, is not science opposed to revelation and inspiration? If I am to hear Thy voice, must I not set science aside?

Science is not hostile to natural revelation, but if My voice is regarded as something supernatural, of course it is contrary to science. Verily, verily I say unto the present generation that whoso honoreth science honoreth revelation, for in every scientific truth is My voice clearly heard. Science, far from conflicting with, is itself the word of God. Let all men read it with reverence as the Bible of the nineteenth century.

Wilt Thou have me believe anatomy and chemistry to be quite as sacred as the Gospel of love Thou gavest to Jesus? Dost Thou, O my God, speak

through astronomy to-day as Thou didst speak through Thy prophets in days gone by? Shall I read the volume of nature with the same devotion as I read the truths of the Bible or the Vedas?

Yes. All truth is Mine, and all truth is sacred. Wheresoever I speak, bend thy knee and hear. Every word of truth that thou discoverest in the scriptures of the various religions or the lives of the prophets of the world thou shalt accept and revere as My word. So shalt thou accept reverentially every line that is written in the volume of nature, every fact or law recorded in scientific books. False science shalt thou eschew as thou wouldst false prophets and false scriptures. But true science is assuredly My gospel. It is the eternal Veda of all mankind. When thou approachest it, come with a devout and humble heart. Do not read the sacred books of science as the unbelievers do, but in a profoundly religious spirit. Whether it be optics or hydrostatics, geology or astronomy, anatomy or physiology, logic or metaphysics, every science must be to My believers as sacred as are the books of the old and the New Testament to the Christian.

Merciful Lord, tell me how I shall treat the doctrine of evolution and similar other doctrines which modern science has elaborated, but which stand in the way of religion.

Fear not my child, but face every scientific fact that has been well proved, and accept every scientific principle that has been well established as gospel truth, regardless of consequences, and be sure that in the Temple of Science Thou shalt always see Me and hear My voice. The Huxleys and Darwins of the present day are unconsciously doing My work and extending My Kingdom. Their godless inferences

thou shalt not heed, but the facts of science they are discovering thou shalt hail as My truth and My revelation.

Father, what dost Thou reveal through science?

I speak of My mercy and power and wisdom, of My intense and incessant solicitude for My children and of the economy of My providence through all the physical and mental sciences. Read any star, any plant, any animal organism, read electricity and magnetism, read the laws of the winds and the waters, the laws of thought and feeling, read the stupendous mountain and the small grain of sand, read the flower and the fruit, and thou shalt distinctly hear Me say "I am" "I, the Lord, am the Living Power that sustains thee and the Loving Providence that meets thy wants," and many such thrilling words and saving truths shalt thou hear.

Lord, I will seek Thee and worship Thee in the Temple of Science.

August 3, 1879.

ASCETIC HOUSEHOLDER.

IS it Thy wish Holy God, that I should lead an ascetic life? I am a married man and have children. How shall I provide for them if I take no thought for the morrow? My friends advise me to set my face against asceticism as a sort of fanaticism in religion.

It is My command that thou shalt be a true ascetic. I abhor worldliness. I desire that all those who love Me and trust Me should resign themselves wholly

to Me. Those who proudly undertake to feed their own bodies or save their own souls find no favour in heaven. Their pride ruins them. Their worldliness is their death.

But if I do no work and simply trust Thee, I shall get no bread to eat, and my family and children will starve. Asceticism is indolence, and indolence is starvation. Hast Thou not told us to look after ourselves and our dependents ?

Yes, My child, but not in the fashion of sceptics. Thou shalt seek the kingdom of heaven first, and not food and raiment. Thou shalt surrender thyself completely to Heaven's guidance, and I will give you all that is needful. Asceticism does not mean idleness but faithful self-surrender and unquestioning resignation.

If I resign myself completely, I will not work, but may go to sleep, thinking that Thy Providence will meet all my wants.

Just the reverse. The more thou resignest thyself into My hands the more active I will make thee in the discharge of thy varied duties. I will so move and regulate thy energies that thou whilst seeking Me only, shalt find all things needful. I will exterminate the pride, the care, the solicitude and the self-directed energy of the worldly-wise, and will strengthen and direct you with My wisdom and energy unto thy temporal and spiritual welfare. I never provide for the sleeping sluggard. I never encourage indolence.

Even if I put faith in Thee, O God ?

That very faith will, without your knowing it, secretly and mysteriously rouse all your faculties, sentiments and energies so as to enable you to find even temporal welfare without your seeking it. That

faith will make thee a dutiful and obedient servant and thou shalt find pleasure in doing My will. When thy will is attuned to Mine through perfect faith, there will be harmony between thy worldly affairs and thy religious pursuits, and whatsoever thou requirest will be supplied by the universal economy of Providence. All things work together for good to the righteous. I have so constructed and adjusted the moral and physical universe that whoso believeth in Me shall find whatsoever is good for him.

Lord, then teach me true faith and asceticism.

August 10, 1879.

THE BRAHMO SOMAJ AND THE CHURCH OF GOD.

GOD, I humbly sit at Thy feet and pray Thee to give Thy ignorant child some lessons on the subject of salvation. I desire to know, Lord, how I may be saved. Will the Brahmo Somaj save me? I am a Brahmo, and I look to my church for salvation.

I do not regard the Brahmo Somaj as My Church. As it is, I see both untruth and impurity in it. It is not altogether a holy church. It may develop into something purer and better in the course of time. But as it is, I will not put My seal upon it to indicate My approval and recognition.

Is there any church in the world which Thou lookest upon as Thine own.

None. None with which I can wholly indentify Myself. My church is a thing of the future. The king-

dom of heaven is before, not behind. I attach no importance to names. It is not essential to thy salvation that thou wouldst call thyself a Hindu, or a Christian or a Brahmo. If thou art faithful unto Me, thou shalt be saved. Fidelity or allegiance is the essence of true religion. I require of My children three things. (1) Faith in the One Supreme, such faith as can say unto Me,—“I see Thee, O Spirit, and nothing can ever shake my conviction.” (2) Love, passionate and enthusiastic personal love towards Me as Father and towards every man and woman as brother and sister. (3) Purity of character, purity in thoughts, words and deeds. Whoso has these, of whatever nation or country, is a member of My Eternal Theistic Church, which eye hath not seen.

Is it not essential to believe in Thy prophets? If I have no faith whatever in Jesus or his recorded sayings in the Gospel, shall I not be saved?

Yes, thou shalt be saved in spite of thy denial of Jesus and the Gospel. For if thou hast faith and love and purity, thou hast Jesus in Thee. Thy lips may deny him, but that is no matter to Him who judgeth the spirit. Many there are who have not heard of Christ or Paul, of Socrates or Chaitanya. Not a few there are whom controversies and wranglings have confounded, who have failed in the labyrinth of historic evidence to find the real truth about those prophets. Can I desert them for their ignorance and intellectual difficulties? No. If they are Mine in faith, I will not cast them away. To believe as Jesus believed is essential, but to believe in him is not. If through ignorance or intellectual weakness thou deniest My prophets, thou shalt not be cast away, but remember that through perversity or wickedness of heart thou shalt not dishonour them.

He that is in him the spirit of My prophets the prophets dwell in him

Is it true then that if I give Thee full faith and love and loyalty, I shall be a true Christian and a true Vaishnava, though I know not Jesus and Chaitanya?

Yes. If Thou art truly Mine, all My prophets are thine.

But what wouldst Thou say, dear God, if I held that I would have nothing to do with prophets and that I could easily grow wiser and purer without them?

That would argue pride and wicked boasting. I will not tolerate these.

And if I say, as many do, scoffingly, of some prophets that they were bad men and of others that they were illiterate fools?

That would be worse truly. I have not appointed men to sit in judgment upon My prophets and devotees. Their character should be above popular criticisms. I desire the world to sit at the feet of My apostles and gratefully acknowledge its obligations. Gratitude, not criticism, is what the world owes to the delegates from heaven. I will have every man talk of them with profound feelings of grateful reverence or not speak of them at all. They had faults, but these shall not be criticised in a godless and arrogant spirit.

Lord, if we are not to criticise and condemn Thy prophets, shall we, as some have done, go to the other extreme, and extol them as perfect and sinless saints?

Neither shalt thou overestimate nor underrate the merits of Heaven's apostles. None is perfect but the Infinite. Perfection belongs not to finite man. Every

man, even the best and the highest, is imperfect. Seek salvation at the feet of the land. He alone is Perfect Purity and Holiness.

Lord, admit me into Thy Universal and Eternal Church that I may have communion with all truth, and with all Thy saints and prophets.

August 17, 1879.

A GREAT REVIVAL.

LORD, if the church, I have joined is not Thy church, where am I to go? Where shall I rest my faith and hope? Will not men like myself find salvation who have taken their shelter in the Brahmo Samaj?

Certainly. But they must be true to My Dispensation, for I have called them and they must achieve the purposes for which I have called them. Tell the Brahmos they are My men. They are bound to be true to their Lord.

If we are Thine, specially Thine, and are working under the dispensations of Thy Providence, how is it, Father, that this church in India is not Thy Church? I planted it, I watered it. I called and ordained the workers. But the soil is not so good, nor My agents so obedient as I wish them to be. Therefore, the harvest is not plentiful for the fruit perfect. It is an imperfect church, good mixed with a great deal that is bad. A heavenly institution with impure admixtures. My thing, but ye have spoilt it in a great measure.

Lord, is there hope of the Brahmos yet turning

to Thee fully as their Master and fulfilling the purposes of Thy dispensation?

Yes, there is hope yet, the Brahmo Samaj may improve and become My church.

What dost Thou need, O God? Tell me quick, my Father. I am impatient to hear Thy voice.

A Great Revival is what thy God, India's God, demands.

August 24, 1879.

THE MISSION OF THE NEW CHURCH.

XIND God, tell me what Thou requirest of Thy Indian devotees. What special work have the Brahmos to do in the economy of Thy dispensation? They are doing a great variety of work, and they are very much praised for their wisdom and philanthropy and zeal.

Do not even the publicans do the same? Much working, much talking, much learning always have I seen among worldly reformers and patriots. These Brahmos in India may belong to this ignoble class. What reward have they in the kingdom of Heaven? They are not Mine if they are only reformers after their own whims and tastes. They are of the earth, earthy.

Lord, what dost Thou wish them to do? Give us Thy command in precise language, that we may know how we may prove true to Thy dispensation and faithfully carry out Thy injunction.

I have sent the Brahmos into the holy land of the Aryas for a purpose, a great purpose. Do they not

know, will they not remember wherefore they have been deputed?

Unfold that sacred purpose, O my God, unto our salvation.

Every Indian Theist has entered into a covenant with Me solemnly binding himself to worship Me in spirit and in truth. I recognise their handwriting whereby they are pledged to true faith and worship. This is the purpose for which ye are assembled in My temple in India, that ye shall show forth unto nations the riches and Joys of true worship.

And every other work, good and useful, is secondary?

Yes, every philanthropic and good work My people will promote. Not to do the same would be wrong. To do such work would be no merit in My people. Their chief work and mission is to show how sanctifying and gladdening it is to worship the spirit.

Shall we not establish schools, promote municipal improvement, reform the condition of the agricultural classes, rectify misgovernment and elevate woman-kind?

Yes. But all this is secondary work. Ye shall do all this and more, but remember that there are others also who shall perform such work. Not for this have I sent the theists or organised their church. If ye do all this and have not prayer, Ye are as chaff, for my kingdom. Ye shall not advance. By sincere and fervent devotion shall My people in heaven be known in India. Let the world know that the living and loving worship of the Invisible Spirit is the distinguishing characteristic of genuine Brahmos. Whoso behold Me and truly rejoices in worshipping Me, and so loves Me that he would have Me always before his mind's eye, such a

devotee is My man, and My blessing shall rest upon such a man, and they shall inherit India. The world has for many long centuries asked,—Can the soul of man see vividly and worship joyfully the Great Spirit? This is the question which My people shall answer satisfactorily.

But many cannot and would not pray. They are cold and prayerless, and are becoming more and more apathetic in matters of devotion. They are preferring and exalting things visible above the invisible.

These are the men who have failed to answer the question and thus isolated their pledge. Them shall I winnow away. All who came to seek the kingdom of the world shall be cast away as unfit for My dispensation and only the devout few shall survive to glorify Me and extend My Kingdom.

August 31, 1879.

SEE GOD FACE TO FACE.

THEY went far into the inner country away from this world of woe and sin, and ascended the hill of faith. There they awaited the advent of the Lord according to His promise. And lo! light unspeakable shone forth, and in a chariot, like burning fire, the Lord of heaven descended. The disciples trembling saluted Him, and shouted forth :

"Glory, glory, glory to God Almighty. To the Lord of heaven and earth, be glory everlasting."

Upon the heads of My children here assembled My choicest blessings rest, replied the Lord.

Father, we come to worship Thee.

Worship Me with faith and love, and give unto Me the heart's homage. Blessed are they that worship Me in spirit and in truth for they shall enter My holy kingdom.

We are poor, and we have none to introduce or present us to Thee, our Sovereign.

I rejoice to see you stand before Me face to face, without a mediator. I wish that all My children, even the humblest, should come and speak to Me direct. Why should they hide their faces, and speak through agents? Have I prohibited access to me? Can a Father do so? Beloved children, ye are always welcome.

But we cannot see Thee vividly, albiet we are in Thy immediate presence.

I know it. So must it be with those who are beginners. If you do not try to see Me, My children, you will never be able to see Me. If you worship Me always through a medium, ye shall never come into My presence; your mediator will see Me, not you. But try and practise, and habit will make perception of the Great Spirit clear and easy. Now ye see dimly, but then brightly. The oftener ye come to Me and the more earnestly ye ply your optic nerve, the more clearly shall ye see My countenance.

So may it be!

Draw near unto Me, My disciples, and hear Me.

And the voice like the voice of thunder was heard and the disciples heard with rapt attention.

Ye Indian Theists, said the Supreme Spirit, hear Me, for ye shall be saved by hearing.

Ye shall not take unto yourselves false deities which man's hand hath formed.

Nor shall ye give allegiance unto any among yourselves as your mediator.

If ye require light for your guidance, seek it not in dead books nor in the teachings of the wise among you, but come to Me. If your leaders teach you, accept not their wisdom, unless it is approved by Me in the inner chamber of the heart.

Ye shall worship Me daily, and while ye worship Me, ye shall see My face, hear My voice, and touch My feet, remembering that I have neither face, nor lips, nor feet.

Ye shall cast away worldliness, and remembering that it is I who feed men, and not they themselves repose thy trust in My Providence.

Keep your hearts pure, and shun all manner of impurity, sensuality, covetousness, anger, envy, pride, selfishness, hypocrisy and idleness.

Lead your wives and children into My fold so that they may be for ever a blessed family of devotees.

Go and preach unto the various tribes of the Indian nation the truths of salvation as ye have learnt them from Me. Tell them I have commanded you to preach the truth. Many will ridicule you and persecute you for My sake. Your friends shall forsake you, and ye shall be deserted by your kinsmen. Ye fear not. despair not, for I am with you.

September 7, 1879.

THE VOICE OF THE LIVING GOD.



AND the Lord continued :—

Hear ye Indian Theists, hear the voice of the Living God. Go to the uttermost parts of the land, preaching My holy name and building here and there temples for My worship. Tell the world that Heaven hath chosen India for a special dispensation in the nineteenth century.

This dispensation shall have its Scripture, its prophets, its apostles, and missionaries, its providential economy and its law of discipline.

The Brahma Somaj is My dispensation and My Church in Hindustan, and through it shall I achieve the redemption of this fallen nation.

The scripture that I have written and shall from time to time write upon the tablet of the heart is the eternal Veda of My people, and unto them every word of it is sacred and infallible truth.

Whoso disbelieves or doubts a single passage in My scripture is an unbeliever and an infidel. Whoso believing it to be My word denieth it after a time is an apostate and a renegade. Whoso imagines, conjectures, dreams or feels uncertain about the least of My scripture truths is not worthy of a place among true believers and is unfit for My Kingdom. Whatsoever I say unto you is the truth.

All the prophets and religious geniuses I have sent to the world from time to time shall receive your reverence and homage, for they are My devotees and have given their all to Me. I love them and honour them. Ye shall honour them also and love them.

Whoso dishonors and hates these prophets dishonors and hates Him who sent them. Unto the apostles and ministers and missionaries I have ordained amongst you, ye shall give due honour and affection, and unto every one of them ye shall be ever respectful and grateful. But remember they

are My people only so far as they preach My truth, and not their own imagination.

Wloso hates and reviles these honoured instruments in My hands, hates Him who ordained them, and shall have his reward.

Worship no prophet, no book, no idol. Worship Me, the Lord of the Indians. But bow gratefully before all prophets and good men and repositories of wisdom.

Love all men, even your enemies. But countenance not those who are enemies of the truth. Level the artillery of your united enthusiasm against every form of atheism and infidelity, scepticism and materialism. If men speak against providence and prayer, inspiration and communion, against aught that goes forth from My lips, rebuke them with thundering voices, and let the land tremble. Wherever ye go, speak of Me and My approaching Kingdom with unflinching accents and with the authority of believers. If ye speak with doubting lips, the nation will turn away from you disgusted as from hypocrites, sceptics and deceivers.

Brahmos! Do ye believe in Me? Have you seen Me and accepted Me as your and the country's Saviour? Then delay not, but go and announce My advent in the land of the Hindus.

September 14, 1879.

THE TRUE SHEEP.



AND the Heavenly Voice continued:—

Verily, verily the net has gathered men of all kinds, and now must I judge and distinguish My true sheep.

From the Brahmo Somaj shall be winnowed away the chaff and the husk, and the wheat shall be gathered.

Many have been called, but a few only shall be chosen. Behold thousands of thieves and robbers and infidels have found their way into My Church! But I shall make it too hot for them. The time cometh when they must have their reward.

I would rather have in My household a few that love Me truly than thousands who are deceivers.

Know ye not whom I shall cast away? Even those who deliberately and wickedly deny Me.

First them who say Lord, Lord, but believe not in Me, men who are infidels, who deny Providence and inspiration, prayer and prophets and immortality.

Secondly, them will I disown who have entered My fold with sinister worldly motives, to enrich themselves or seek fame or gain friends and admirers, houses or lands.

Thirdly, them will I dismiss who are given to sensuality, and are sold to wine and woman.

Against these men, their errors and vices, ye shall protest with all your might and eloquence, for they are enemies of My Church, and are bent not only upon killing themselves, but also those around them.

I am not their enemy, but their Father, I will not eternally cast them, but will pursue them wherever they go, and seek their welfare. But from My Church shall they be removed as poison and filth, that being purged it may live and those in it.

Like a band of devoted soldiers go ye and destroy the citadels of unbelief, worldliness and sensuality.

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September 21, 1879.

GOD AS JUDGE.

WHEN the Lord dismissed his servants with a sweet benediction, saying unto them, Believe and live.

Suddenly like a wild whirlwind the Lord rolled down the hill and entered a deep and dark cavern wherein were things horrible.

Lo! in this dark pit were men and women secretly gathered, and they were day and night engaged in digging and mining operations, if haply the hill might fall and break into atoms with all those who were dwelling upon it.

The Mighty King stood before these secret enemies bent upon the destruction of His kingdom.

And to them He thus spake :—

Ye infidels, sensualists, drunkards, hypocrites, worldly-minded men, sceptics, and impostors, tremble, for I will speak unto you words of fire.

Like thieves ye have entered My kingdom, and ye are carrying on clandestine traffic in the name of My religion for the destruction of souls. Ye are murderers of My sons and daughters, and the better to carry out your nefarious designs ye are working in this dark pit unseen and unheard.

Are ye Brahmos? Yes, ye profess to be My people. Ye have put on the mask of Theists and assumed the attitude of devotees. Ye have among your body priests, missionaries, saints, preachers. Ye close your eyes in prayer as My true worshippers do, and like them ye sing My glory and praise. But ye believe not in Me. Ye have not seen Me, and ye ridicule those who have. When I stand before

you, during your prayers, ye say unto Me indignantly—we know Thee not. Your words like husk and chaff are scattered by the winds, and never reach Me. Your formal daily prayers, which hardly exceed ten or fifteen minutes, are disgusting, for they clearly show how impatient you feel in My company and how ardently you wish to get away from My presence every day. Ye profess to be my believers and worshippers ! But ye laugh when I ask you to see Me and hear My counsel. I have always provided for your daily food and drink and I have asked you to surrender your all to Me ; but ye have sceptically argued with Me, saying,—‘ we trust not Thy Providence.’ I have told you to place yourselves entirely under my command, doing nothing except what I enjoin ; but ye would not, preferring rather to follow your own understanding and proud reason. Ye are your own gods. Ye do not acknowledge the true God in your hearts. Ye are not only destroying your own souls, but ye are trying to kill your neighbours with the poison of unbelief. Many used to believe in Me formerly, and they offered sweet prayers with which I was delighted. But their faith and devotion, alas ! poor souls ! ye have destroyed, and ye have swelled the numbers of apostates and unbelievers in the land. Ye hypocrites, your character is as questionable as your faith. Ye drink privately and indulge in bestial revelry. Ye are sold to wine and woman. Ye are in my temple for prayer, and prayer over, ye are in the brothel and the beer-shop for debauchery. By drunkenness and fornication ye have defiled your bodies and souls, and, yet ye show no signs of penitence. Some of you who have not yet gone to the extreme of bestiality are beginning to be sensual and voluptu-

ous, and seeking woman's company with lustful hearts. Ye are spoilt, and ye are secretly spoiling many in My Church. Even where there is no actual immorality I see great danger. Where men are carnally panting for liberty, there I see the seed of great danger such as overtook the Vaishnavas and *Bamacharees*. There are other immoralities also among you, lying, dishonesty, covetousness, vengeance, malice, backbiting and other things, for which there is no compunction in your hardened hearts. Therefore I will put you down and separate the sensual from the spiritual, unbelievers from believers. Penitent sinners and newly enlisted votaries, who are beginning to believe, I will not cast away, but My blessings shall be with them. But ye who pretended to be devout Brahmos, whether conservative or liberal, of this party, or that other party, ye who sit in high places and rejoice in your unbelief and sensuality, *beware*. For the time has come for Me to apply the winnowing fan, and justify My true believers.

September 28, 1879.

THE APOSTLES ORDAINED.

WHEN the disciples gathered round the Master, He said unto them, "I will select from among you a certain number to whom shall be applied the name of apostles and preachers, and to whose hands shall be entrusted the work of extending My kingdom on earth. Many thought they would be called, and with high expectations looked forward

to the approaching election. Those holding high positions and reputed for virtue and wisdom, and much learning, came to the front with great confidence. But the Lord took no notice of them, and chose His men from the humbler ranks. Those whom the world knew not and did not honour, He selected for His work. The multitude wondered and said, why taketh the Lord those who are weak and poor and unclean, leaving those, the strong, the wise and the holy? Why doth He not select the fit? But the Lord remembered His covenant, and selected those whom He had ordained in the mother's womb. Those who were naturally fit, who were endowed by nature with faculties and feelings, temper and taste adapted to the work, were appointed. The multitude thereupon clamoured, because they did not approve of the choice. They were soon silenced, as they heard the terrible voice of the Almighty which thus thundered forth:—

Listen Ye men of little faith. These are the people whom I have appointed preachers of My Word. They are weak and poor. Yet have I chosen them, for they have faith. If they have not learning, if they have no earthly honour, if they are not fortune's favourites, what matters it? They have the one thing needful. Having faith they have all that I require. Honour them then, for they are My servants. The multitude trembled, and said not a word, but submitted to the decree of Providence.

Then the Lord gathered together before Him those whom He nominated, and gave them a badge as a distinction. Upon it were written three words, "Faith, Love and purity." Upon their anointed heads He laid His holy hand and blessed them. And as He did so a sacred flame went forth from His face

and entered their hearts, electrifying their whole souls and inspiring their hearts.

The elect sat at the feet of the Holy Father and with hands clasped and tears of joy in their eyes, said, Lord, give us Thy commission and Thy blessing.

Here is the heavenly warrant of your appointment. Accept it, beloved, and My love be with you.

The disciples said ; Amen.

Then the Lord gave His charge to the newly elected apostles —

Gold and silver ye shall not seek.

Ye shall not serve as hireling, nor carry on independent trades for money's sake.

Nor shall ye defile your fingers by receiving corrupt compensation for the services ye render as My apostles.

Ye shall not be anxious about food or raiment as unbelievers are. Nor shall ye eat if the world gives you food. For I the Lord will provide and I will feed. That which ye receive not from Me ye cannot touch.

Let your food be simple and your raiment also, that ye may be known as My men, and likewise be above temptation's reach.

From wine and woman be ye free. Solemnly shall ye take the vow of sobriety and chastity.

Consecrate your wives and children, your house and property to the Lord, add believe that henceforth they are mine, not yours. Raise unto Me a family altar, that I may bless and sanctify your homes and those who dwell therein.

Be not angry, but forbear and forgive as often as the enemy maltreats you.

Love all men, both friends and foes.

Be just. Give unto every man his due.

Honour your elders. Honour the rich, the mighty,

the wise, the aged. Honour the Sovereign I have sent to rule over you and give her the loyalty of your hearts and the tribute due to her throne.

Be truthful, and believe that lying is an abomination. Guard the tongue and tell the truth fearlessly.

Be humble, and take no credit unto self. The sense of *I, mine, me*, cast away for ever. Give up the pride and selfishness of the carnal self and merge self in Divinity and universal humanity. Ye are not yours but Mine and the world's.

Pray daily, pray fervently, pray lovingly, pray enthusiastically, with the whole heart and soul.

Regard prayer as above every thing else, and believe that irregularity, or impatience, or restlessness, or insincerity or dryness in prayer, is a great sin which is most repugnant to Me.

Ye shall pray with increasing love and concentration of mind so that ye may soon enjoy communion and *Yoga*.

Ye shall believe in Me, in Immortality and in Conscience. The first two ye shall see, your Father and your Home, the last ye shall hear, the voice of your Guru.

Honour all prophets and all scriptures.

The whole day and the whole year ye shall give unto Me prayer and meditation, reading and religious conversation, godly work and preaching, these shall be your daily occupation.

Go and preach My truth, sowing good seed of the kingdom of heaven on all sides, and among all classes of men and women, not proudly seeking immediate result but humbly doing the Master's work.

October 12, 1879.

THE PROCLAMATION OF THE MOTHERHOOD
OF GOD.

GO and proclaim Me, Mother of India, said the Lord to the disciples gathered round Him.

Many are ready to worship Me as their Father. They recognise My kindness mixed with justice. They bow to My stern authority. They also love Me as their merciful Father. But they know not that I am their Mother too, tender, indulgent, forbearing and forgiving, always ready to take back the penitent child. Ye shall go forth from city to city and from village to village, singing My mercies and proclaiming unto all men that I am India's Mother. Tell poor and disconsolate India to take comfort in the thought that, though weak and fainting, she is on My lap and that I am nursing her day and night. She has nothing to fear so long as she is on her Mother's lap. Go, my apostles, and give India hope and comfort. She requires to be roused and cheered by My missionaries. Therefore, I send you to preach the glad tidings of the advent of the Good Mother in India to seek and save Her lost children and give salvation to sinners. Do not preach dry theology; identify not the present dispensation with the reign of a dry Deity. But say to the people of India with loud and earnest voices that their Mother has come to give them light and life. Put Me before them as One whom they can easily trust and love, and whose loving kindness is extremely sweet. Let your behaviour and conversation, preaching and singing be such as may convince those amongst whom you

go that you are intoxicated with My sweet dispensation and My sweeter name. You go forth as men almost mad with devotional love, enthusiasm, and joy. Speak and act like self-forgotten devotees lost in God. Show the world that you so love Me as your Mother and Friend that you love nothing else, and your only care is to meet the heart of India's children with sweet words about that Motherly kindness which you have so long experienced at My hands. All that ye have freely received from Me give ye freely unto others. And while ye preach, take care that you preach your Mother's love and nothing else, and let your hearers feel that you are wholly inebriated with My over-powering affection. Let your words of sweetness and tears of joy convince India that you are My missionaries. And may India, so convinced, come to Me and say,—Blessed be Thy name, Sweet Goddess! We have seen and heard the Supreme Mother's apostles.

October 19, 1879.

WHAT IS MY CREED?

I WISH I could be oftener with Thee. O God of my heart, in the inner sanctuary, and enjoy Thy words and Thy company in solitude. But I seldom have leisure, so what I would I cannot do.

Hast thou really no leisure? That cannot be. Thou dost not possess that passionate attachment and love for Me which alone can find or make leisure. Solitary communion they only seek who love Me intensely.

So it is, Lord. Had I loved Thee truly I would have found to come to Thee often and place my weary head upon Thy lap

Well, what is it that brings thee here ?

Lord, I wish to spend my holiday with Thee quietly I have no other object in view. Men always go to their friends whenever they get a holiday. Having no better friend on earth I have called on Thee, desiring to spend my leisure hours with Thee in pleasant and profitable conversation.

Come then, draw near to Me, and let Me know what thou desirest to hear from Me.

I wish to know, Father, whether people are right in calling me a Christian. Am I a Christian ? Dost Thou wish me to be a Christian ?

Thou art not, nor do I wish thee to be a Christian. Am I a Hindu ?

Child, thou art not, nor do I wish thee to be a Hindu.

If I am neither a Christian nor a Hindu, I am a Brahmo then. But they will not admit it.

Neither art thou a Brahmo, in the popular acceptance of that term.

What then will I tell people that I am, that they may understand my creed fully and never misrepresent it ?

Say thou art a man of faith. As for people forming correct ideas of your religion, that is simply hopeless. Who ever comprehended the man of faith ? Theology you might explain, but faith never.

But many around me seem to understand my views, and regard me as one of their body.

Because they do not see all that is in thee. Thou speakest in favour of Christianity, and men take you for a Christian, and of Hinduism and they look upon

you as a Hindu. Thou art very like a Brahmo or Indian Theist, and those around you put thy name down in the Brahmo register. But I know, for I am Omniscient, what is within thee. Thou art none of those. Nor is thy faith fully formed yet. Like men of faith thou art ever growing. Those who knew thee yesterday know thee not to-day.

Is it for this reason that I am so much misrepresented, and I am so unpopular?

Yes. There is no language that can represent faith. No dictionary can help thee. When thou talkest of vision and the visible yet invisible spirit of Christ speaking to thee from his veranda, of David and Narad Muni lending thee the sacred harp, of thy travels in the celestial country, of thy immersion in the ocean of love, thou art unintelligible and those who hear thee can hardly comprehend thy meaning. Therefore, be prepared for unpopularity. Do not barter thy heavenly faith for popularity. All may desert thee. Yet must thou stick to thy faith to the end.

October 26, 1879.

WILL THEY SUCCEED?

TELL me, Father, will the Brahmos succeed in their mission?

Not, if they continue in their present state.

What is it, O Lord, that Thou requirest of them?

Enthusiasm, devotional fervour, maddening love, self-forgetfulness and spiritual intoxication.

How are we to attain these?

Pray unceasingly and commune with Me, the Living God.

If we become enthusiastic in Thy cause will not men call us fools?

Yes. Be prepared for such epithets. In all ages My devotees have been called fools.

But we have done and mean to do little that is foolish.

Foolish things ye shall do, and things that will make you appear contemptible in the estimation of the world. These are inevitable. The man who is passionately fond of Me must live like a fool. His eccentricities will excite ridicule and hatred.

Then what are we to do?

Take not into account what men say of you. None judgeth but God. And upon him whom men condemn I will shower reward.

November 9, 1879.

THE OBJECT OF THE MISSIONARY EXPEDITION

OF 1879.

FATHER, what is the object of the Missionary Expedition Thou hast organized and despatched?

I desire to establish the reign of the Mother in this land.

But do not the people, O God, love Thee as their Mother?

No. They feared Me as their King, they have loved Me as their Father. They have yet to love and honour Me as their Mother.

Hast Thou, O Lord, given the Expedition to understand that this is the central idea of their mission?

Yes. The enlightened in the land have given up prejudices and worship Me as the Supreme Spirit. The unenlightened but devout worship their goddesses tenderly and lovingly, and offer homage and prayers to idols whom they address as their Divine Mother. The two I desire to harmonize. The enlightened Theist shall cast away the idol, but love Me with his whole heart and soul as his affectionate and dear Mother. I am determined to convert every true Brahmo temple into a tabernacle of the Supreme Mother where My sons and daughters will adore Me with ardent love, and seek salvation on the Maternal lap.

And what shall be the food and drink of Thy disciples?

The milk of the Mother's breast. Nothing else. They will not eat, but I, their Mother, will feed them. They are little children, and will have to depend only upon the milk I supply for their nourishment.

And what will be their form of prayer and worship?

As the babe cries for milk in language inarticulate, so shall my children pray unto me. Prayer is nothing but the baby-soul's cry for milk.

My God, if Thy children go about preaching the Gospel of the Mother's love, what will be the upshot of the Expedition, and how will it be received by the people of the land?

The devout will love them and honour them in spite of differences of opinion. But the unbelieving classes, rich, learned and worldly-minded, will despise the Army of the Mother. They shall be reduced to the level of the poor, and they shall mix with the

lowest and the humblest in the streets and in the market place and they shall do things contemptible in the eyes of the world, and, therefore, the world will ridicule and hate them and persecute them, and many will shun their company. Yet My name shall prevail, and My enemies I will vanquish with My Army. And I will cause victory to fly round the banners of My Preaching Band, in spite of the ridicule and hatred of an infidel generation. Blessed are they who believe in the Divine Mother !

November 23, 1879.

CHRIST AND OTHER MASTERS.

FATHER, the people are angry with the Theists and are persecuting them for their reverence towards Christ, Chaitanya and other masters. How should Thy disciples treat those prophets ?

It is one of the doctrines of Pure Theism that no saint, no prophet, no devotee should be dishonoured by hostile criticism. Those whom I love and raise above the world are above the world's criticism.

Shall we not judge ?

He who judgeth My loving devotees dishonours Him Who sent them.

But they have their faults.

Ye shall not judge My men. For I have sent them not that ye should sit in judgment over their character, but simply accept and honour all that is good in them.

Teach me, Lord, the value of their lives, that I may love them and love Thee in them.

December 7, 1879.

OUR MINISTER.

WE desire to know Thy intention clearly and fully regarding our relations to our Minister. People shall say all manner of things against us. Some charge us with Popery ; some call us slaves. What we are, we know not. Tell us, Father, how we ought to treat him.

There is no Minister appointed but by Me. Leaders of congregations are ordained by Me. Therefore, treat your Minister as one who hath commission from heaven. His words ye must hear with faith and cherish with reverence.

But has he not errors ? If so, are we not to discountenance and condemn them, and keep ourselves from whatsoever is wrong and unclean in him ?

With his unofficial position Heaven has nothing to do. If he is a bad man at home, unprincipled, selfish, ambitious, angry, deceitful, jealous, untruthful, you will not surely imitate his vices. For all his errors and impurities he shall have his reward both here and hereafter. Like every other man he too shall be severely judged and condemned for his misdeeds by man and God.

How shall we then honor him ? If we freely criticize his opinions and doings and condemn whatsoever is wrong in him, his tastes and ideas and deeds, we must treat him as we treat other people, as our equals and inferiors, praising the good and censuring the evil in them. How can we honor him as our Leader and Minister ? Thou hast shown us, O Lord, the way to escape the horrors of Popery, but we fear we cannot show our Minister much respect nor can

we unitedly realize the true welfare of our Church, if we treat him simply as one of us.

As one of you while at home, but not when in his office. His official position is different. When he ministers to your spiritual wants and offers his prayers, and directs your Missionary movements and otherwise renders services for your spiritual improvements, then bow to him as your Minister, and let the whole congregation adopt and follow his teachings. Like the manager of a secular institution, a bank or a mercantile concern, he must exact the respect and obedience of all the subordinate agents so long as he occupies his official chair. Elsewhere he may be treated as others. But in his official capacity he must as an ordained Minister command the allegiance of all members of his congregation.

In what things are we to take lessons from him ?

In all matters appertaining to the development and success of the present dispensation. How you may best realize the invisible God and your future Home, how you may love and honor all the prophets and saints of the world, how you ought to pray and hold communion with the Indwelling Spirit, how you may blend the spirit of asceticism with civilization, how to harmonize faith and philosophy, these are the cardinal principles of the present dispensation, and in connection with these ye shall give your Minister thorough obedience. He will give you material help.

So be it ! But even in questions like these we do not get enough light from him, and what he says concerning them is not always intelligible to us. Shall we follow blindly where we cannot comprehend ?

Not blindly but trustfully, hoping and believing that I will in the fulness of time make all things plain

and clear to you. No man can fully explain the deep truths of the spirit-world, unless the Holy Spirit reveals them to each individual. Therefore, believe, and I will add to your faith, knowledge.

One question more, O Lord. If ever we think him mistaken in these important matters connected with his official position, shall we not try to convince him of his errors and dissuade him from his path?

It may be you are mistaken, and not he, in those particular instances. Therefore, by your remonstrances you may run the risk of tempting your Minister to disobey Me and transgress My will. Where he has received My command, he shall stand unmoved like a rock amid the allurements, calumny and antagonism of the world, and faithfully do My will. If ye have anything to say against him come and tell Me. But remember I will hold My steward, your Minister, responsible if he should in any thing disobey an iota of My command for the sake of even the best among you.

Thy will be done.

December 21, 1879.

MY STEWARD.

FATHER, we are only a dozen or two Theists in this land, who treat the Minister Thou hast appointed over us with special feelings of respect and loyalty. Tell us, O Lord, how far we ought to surrender our freedom to him and serve him as his disciples and followers.

Not a tittle shall ye surrender of that sacred

prerogative I have given thee. Ye shall always remain independent, and never bow the neck in slavish adoration before any created being. Disciples and followers of man! Strange that ye should use before Me such odious expressions. Ye are not man's disciples, but Mine. Stoop to no man as your master nor acknowledge any human authority as equal to Mine.

Shall we not then treat him as our *guru*?

Has he ever called himself or behaved towards you as your *guru*? Has he ever addressed you thus;—Disciples, there is no salvation except through me?

No, Lord. He has always spoken to us and of us as "friends" and "fellow-sinners." Nay, we think, he feels that his own salvation is to be effected through us.

Verily. Ye are his friends, and he has been appointed to serve your society of friends as a loyal servant. If he cannot or does not serve you, if he becomes your master instead of servant, he is not saved. In servitude is his salvation.

If he is our servant, are we not to look upon him as our superior?

He is your superior only in this sense that he is vested with official power and privilege for the accomplishment of certain purposes of Providence. As other men are commissioned, so is he commissioned to do a particular work, and that *he* will do. Beyond this he has no other superiority.

Lord is he not holier than we are? Is he not wiser?

Certainly not. There are among you men who are better and wiser and more pure-minded than he is. There are some among you in whom there is

more asceticism, more poverty of spirit, some in whom I have found more charity, more sanctity of character than there is in him. I have judged him and found him wanting. Surely some of the so-called "disciples" are nearer the kingdom of heaven than the so-called "master".

Why then hast Thou set over us a man who has faults and is not spiritually superior to us? What Thou hast just said baffles our comprehension. What are we to do then?

Honour and love your Minister as your servant. I, the Lord will judge him. Ye shall follow the spirit of his teachings so far as I direct you, but not further.

December 28, 1879.

OUR MINISTER (CONTINUED.)

WHAT treatment, then, will they among us find, O, Lord, who altogether deny the Minister?

If they are good and devout, they will be saved. The Kingdom of Heaven shall be recruited from his friends as well as from his bitterest enemies. Among those foremost in My kingdom, there may be not a few of those who have attacked and opposed him. The Lord is no respecter of persons.

How shall we, then, treat those who are antagonists of our Minister?

Love them and honour them if they are good men, and associate with them in good works. But as regards the special work to which I have called you and your Leader, you must not admit any antagonistic

outsider into your fellowship, lest he should defile My Dispensation and hinder My work. Within the domain of My Dispensation I am a jealous God, and I shall not tolerate an iota of conflicting element. For I mean to do a work, and only those should fraternise in My inner Sanctuary who believe in that work and are determined loyally to co-work with Me. The spirit of rebellion will find no admittance therein, nay, not even half-hearted loyalty. In the outer courtyard of My mansions all are welcome, not only good theists but good men of all religious denominations. Whatsoever by direct association or indirect influence injures deep devotion, firm faith, intoxicating love, fiery enthusiasm, poverty and asceticism, ye shall eschew as an abomination. Be kind to friends and foes, but I solemnly charge you to keep My Dispensation pure and undefiled.

Amen !

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January 4, 1880

OUR MINISTER (CONTINUED).

WORD, already Thy words have called forth criticisms of an adverse character, and men are beginning to ask,—can it be that the very God has written these words?

Ye must be prepared for strong criticism and even bitter reviling. Men are slow to understand the things of the spirit. Therefore they will cavil, and therefore ye must have patience with them. I never write, but speak, yet I do not even speak, for I have no tongue, no lips. I speak to the spirit, and my words are *all spirit, no sound*

Art Thou not able to write, Great God?

Why do men call me a writer? The Lord was never a book-writer, never a newspaper writer. If I write I write impulses, I write conscience, faith and love on men's hearts, but not words or sentences. I write events in history; vast movements that influence nations are written by My Holy Spirit. I know no other writing.

But if men go and record Thy unwritten revelation and then publish it, shall we not treat it as Thy word?

No. The spirit is all that is Mine. The language is not Mine. Not word but truth belongeth to me. Think ye that I shall allow the superstitions of ancient times to be reproduced in My present dispensation in India? I say emphatically,—No. That your minister or any other person shall stand before you as an infallible prophet or mediator, and that ye shall adore him, glorify him or flatter him as the Pope of Theism is what I thoroughly hate and must

endeavour to prevent. Everything in My dispensation shall be tested by science, and the pretensions of all ambitious and pushing leaders shall be exposed and put down. I have in these days so-called prophets and apostles and the "elect." There are also inspiration, vision, predestination and revelation in my church of to-day. But these, one and all, are essentially different from things of the same name in ancient superstitions. A new, a wholly new dispensation of My grace have I sent unto your nation from heaven, and woe unto those who put their own interpretation upon My words of spirit, ascribe their own ideas to my people, and indirectly accuse me of endeavouring to create a new superstition under the name and guise of Theism.

May we, O Lord, bow to Thy wisdom and trust Thy dispensation !

January 11, 1880.

FOR ENEMIES.

WHOSO all our enemies, O heavenly Father, send Thy redeeming mercy, that their hearts may turn unto Thee and be saved.

OUR MISSIONARIES.

TEACH our missionary workers, O God, to be more zealous and self-sacrificing. May that asceticism grow in them which finds its glory and its

joy in the cross ! And may increasing devotion and deepening spirituality be the lot of all theistic devotees in the country !

JUBILANT SPIRIT.

SPIRIT Supreme, a shower of grace we beg of Thee in these days of festivity. Upon our brethren of all classes freely pour out of Thy spirit. Joy, and purity, hilarity and sweetness give unto us, O Lord. Grant that every heart near and dear unto us may dance joyfully in Thy presence throughout the season.

GIVE US JOY.

JOY, joy, joy, O blessed God, give us joy. No weeping, no lamentation in these days. Let our tears dry up. Let sorrow and despair, anxiety and anguish depart from our hearts. Fill us and our homes with the joys of communion. May our lips rejoice and our souls drink largely the sweets of Thy love !

FULNESS OF SPIRIT.

WE shall have many meetings, and many hymns shall we chant unto Thy glory, O Lord

One prayer, one festive gathering will not satisfy us. The heart panteth after a continuous stream of festivity and rapturous excitement. All our people, men, women and children, must have each his full measure of the season's gladness in endless and varied forms of devotion.

SANCTIFY US.

HOLY God, sanctify us and all that belongeth to us. May not our joy be the joy of shadowy sentimentalism, but the pure and lasting joy welling up from a clean conscience. It is not often, dear God, that we can enjoy the sweets of a devotional festival. Therefore, grant, O Lord, that when it comes it may bring unto us both solid purity and sweet joy, and so renovate our character and life with Thy holy spirit that we may become better and happier men.

PRAYER FOR THE SUFFERERS.

UNTO the weak and infirm, the sick and the bed-ridden vouchsafe, O Lord our God, strength and peace of mind. Unto the poor and resourceless, grant, Father, the bread of truth and the treasure of Thy grace. Unto the ignorant and unintelligent give freely the light of heavenly wisdom. And unto those who are suffering from vicious propensities and impure habits grant such power as may enable them to conquer their vices.

WOMEN AND CHILDREN.

FATHER, give unto women who have gathered in Thy church wisdom and faith, purity and joy. In woman is Thy sweet love and Thy grace is in her. A pious woman is her husband's companion to heaven and her child's guardian angel, the light of her home and the preserver of social purity. Therefore, Lord, make our women saintly and sweet. Our children also we consecrate to Thee. May they grow in purity and piety as they grow in years, and may Thy church find in them a generation of more devout and earnest men than we are !

January 18, 1880.

PRAYER AT AN OPEN AIR MEETING.

INFINITE God, whose infinite spirit filleth the heaven and the earth, come my God, My Father, my Mother, come Friend of India, come and inspire and strengthen this failing heart, and put into it faith unconquerable that I may speak of Thee, O God, and of Thy saving truths, which will raise and rouse all sleeping souls in the land. India's God, where art Thou ? O Father, help us to feel the thrilling power of Thy presence. Send Thy holy spirit, O Lord, into our very bones and arteries. Cause Thy holy presence, Thy sweet and serene presence to gladden and inspire the hearts of all present here. Help us to feel that India's salvation is coming. Prepare our hearts, O Lord, to accept Thy New Dispensation. May Thy paternal and maternal love come

down from heaven as a refreshing downpour of inspiration upon all believers in this land, and help them to establish successfully Thy holy kingdom.

April 11, 1880.

TRUE COMMUNION.

GOD Almighty, teach me true yoga and communion. The spirit of the nineteenth century is rather hostile to it. Modern civilization discourages and condemns it. Therefore I fear, O Lord, that I cannot grow in communion if I throw myself into the current of worldliness and materialism. Draw my heart away from all the enticements and cares of the world, and establish it in Thy holy and blissful spirit. I would not neglect a single duty, but though dutiful and active I would be as a ship on the tranquil sea, resting on Thy bosom in profound peace.

October 31, 1880.

NYNI TAL LANDSLIP.

A SINCERE prayer from this humble devotee for the welfare of those who were killed by the terrible landslip at Nyni Tal will not be unacceptable to Thee, O God. Theirs was a melancholy and painful death. Alas! they were unprepared for the disaster. Engrossed in business or amusement they had not the least idea that death was at

the gate. All of a sudden, there was a terrific sound, as of rolling thunder, and a crash, and many, O God, how sad is it to think of the catastrophe! were in a moment buried alive in the *debris*. My Father, Thy dying children must have felt unutterable agony. Not a syllable did they utter to indicate their excruciating tortures : not a soul was there to say a word of sympathy at the last moment. A moment only and death had finished his carnival ! Good God, have mercy upon their departed souls especially upon those who sacrificed their lives in their arduous task of succouring their weaker and poorer brethren. Upon their noble and heroic souls may Thy choicest blessings descend ! Wherever they may be, may their souls find peace in Thy bosom and life everlasting.

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April 7, 1881.

SHORT PRAYERS.

GIVE me, Kind God, a sound intellect, a warm heart, a devout soul and a strong will, and make me wholly Thine.

LORD, make me Thine, make my wife Thine, make my children Thine, and make my country Thine for ever and ever.

GRANT, O God, that there may be more loyalty and love in the land for Queen Victoria than there is at present.

IT is not enough to know Thee or have faith in Thee, O God. I desire to see Thee. Thy smiling face, O Mother dear, I must see.

MY God, in my heart are many chambers. Do Thou occupy the central sanctuary, and may Thy prophets occupy the other rooms! Cause Thy entire family to dwell in me.

I HAVE had enough of going out, my Father. Now I must as a weary traveller seek rest in my soul, in my inner soul and in my inmost soul, and there enjoy sweet communion.

BELOVED Spirit, they object to my dancing before Thee. I do not see the force of their objection. Perpetually to dance and smile, that is my aspiration. Lord, gratify my heart's desire.

GOD of harmony, do Thou harmonize the conflicting elements of my character. May I be as devout as I am wise, as faithful to my domestic duties as to my vow of self-renunciation.

GOD Almighty, make me love the infidel while hating his infidelity. He who is Thine enemy shall not be my friend. He who is Thy child shall always be my brother, and I will cherish and love him always as my brother in spite of his transgressions.

WALKING in Thy garden the other day I felt tempted to dig beneath the tree of wisdom and lo! I found a treasure—a diamond necklace upon which were inscribed the names of all the saints of the world. O God, I thank Thee for the treasure.

April 28, 1881.

Substance of Prayers in the Sanctuary.

FOND OF GOD.

WORD of the poor, Thy servants have advanced in spirituality and prayer. We see where we only adored; we converse with Thee instead of offering formal prayers. Yet we do not love Thee, Good Mother, so warmly as we should. Grant Mother dear, that we may be extremely fond of Thee and that Thy sweet name may always move us to tears.

REJOICING IN GOD.

ETERNAL Joy, at Thy advent there is jubilee in my heart. There is music and dancing, and unceasing festivity. I know not why or how it is but I feel an exquisitely pleasant, a rapturous sensation within me. How Thy presence makes me smile ' I bless Thee, my God.

OUR GUIDE.

THE path before us, O Lord, is dark, and the future is wholly unknown. Thou hast completely hid from us the way in which we are to proceed. We see where we are to-day, but where shall we be to-morrow? Thou only knowest. Nor do we care to know it, for we know, Good God, Thou art leading us into Thy mansions.

PROVIDENCE SPECIAL.

WHY general Providence is universal and eternal O God. It flows quietly on. But when it meets with obstacles it bounds and beats, it foams and froths, it roars boisterously. Then it becomes a special Dispensation and with special grace and power saves mankind. Sin and scepticism have resisted Thy love in this land, and therefore, Lord, Thou art as a terrible hurricane that shall sweep off its evils.

SLAYING THE EVIL.

HOW great Thou art Thou hast shown us in the lives of Thy saints and prophets. Christ's temptation is to us a sublime picture, full of lessons. How he said to the foul tempter "get thee behind me". And so said also that moral hero, Buddha, *avaunt*, get thou away far from me. Before these saints evil stood as a monster with all its infernal hideousness, and in Thy strength, they at once vanquished it. Grant, O Lord, that so it may be with us. Instead of daily struggling with temptation may we on some auspicious day slay the root of all evil by one stroke and one thundering '*avaunt!*' God Almighty help us.

MIRACLES OF FAITH.

MARVELS, O Lord God, have always marked Thy dispensations, and proved the credentials of Thy apostles. Will this age be an exception? Father, we have prayer and love, we have virtue and piety, we have faith and asceticism, but as these are ordinary and not of a superhuman order they fail to influence others. Lord, give us miraculous faith and extraordinary zeal in Thy cause, that we Thy devotees may attest Thy dispensation with worthy lives.

THE DEPARTED ONE.

ETERNAL Spirit, draw our hearts away from things unreal and transitory, and so establish our love in Thee that we may always rejoice in Thee as our Everlasting Friend. Bless the soul that has departed from us, and accept, Good Father, our best wishes for his eternal welfare. May he prosper under Thy sanctifying grace !

May 19, 1881.

Substance of Prayers in the Sanctuary.

WE APOSTLES.

O LORD God, Thou hast chosen us as humble apostles of Thy New Dispensation in India. Do Thou graciously sanctify our whole being that we may be above temptation, and that the world may speak of us as those who have with the strength of the blessed Sakya and Christ completely overcome Satan.

SANCTIFYING SORROW.

O GOD, our Merciful King, in Thy Kingdom joy and sorrow are both needful for the formation of Thy children's character. Sorrow purifies and fortifies our soul. Sorrow and joy, the bitter and

sweet things of the world do both come from Thee. Each of them has its own mission to fulfil. Great prophets in all ages renounced the enjoyment of worldly comforts and willingly yoked themselves to the discipline of sorrow. Grant, O God, that sorrow may not embitter but sanctify us.

THE HARMONY OF ALL DISPENSATIONS.

THOU Most Ancient and yet ever new and ever beautiful God, grant that we may realize in our life the harmony of all Thy Dispensations. As followers of the New Dispensation let us combine in our character the various elements represented by Sakya, Moses, Christ, and Chaitanya. Teach us to concentrate in one focus all the fragments of Light which lie scattered in different places and in different ages.

THE OCEAN OF THE NEW DISPENSATION.

EVER Living God, do Thou mercifully reveal to us Thy fountain of everlasting life. The rivers of Hinduism and other religions are now stagnant and almost dry. Do Thou, therefore, help us, Merciful Lord, to swim and sport and sink like happy fishes in the deep ocean and the ever-flowing currents of Thy New Dispensation.

HEROIC ENTHUSIASM.

G THOU, Most Mighty Saviour of the world, strengthen us to fulfil thy command with heroic enthusiasm. Thou hast commanded us to vanquish sin and temptation with our fullest energy, and we must carry out Thy behests as moral heroes with the uncompromising and unconquerable strength of the world's prophets and martyrs. Make us, Lord, as obedient and heroic as they were.

THE CITY OF CALCUTTA.

G RACIOUS God, we beseech Thee to bless the metropolis of India. But art Thou not, O Mother of all tribes and of all nations, more anxious about the real well-being of this city than we are? Thou hast already selected Calcutta as the chief seat of Thy New Dispensation and poured upon it the earliest light of Thy New Gospel. Thou art walking with Thy devotees from street to street and from door to door asking the people of this city to accept Thee. Grant, Good God, that they may receive the new light and rejoice.

TRUE ASCETICISM.

H OLY God, even the ascetic's *gairic* and other things which are seemingly holy cannot sanctify us if they are not touched and given to us by

Thy holy hand. The food and raiment which come from Thee cannot fail to purify our soul and body and quicken us to do Thy will with vigour and cheerfulness. Draw us away from outward asceticism, and give us that poverty which always enjoys Thy blessing.

OUR ELDERS.

FRIEND of the poor, do Thou crush our pride and break our self-will. The proud and the wilful cannot enjoy the light of Thy face. Those who think themselves masters or lords over others and disdain the idea of subjection to any superior cannot enjoy Thy presence, for Thou art the Friend of the humble. Friend of the poor, we apostles of the New Dispensation humbly and sincerely acknowledge Thy prophets as our elders and superiors, yea as our masters and leaders. Do Thou, therefore, help us to serve and follow them as their humble and obedient servants.

May 26, 1881.

Substance of Prayers in the Sanctuary.

THE NEW MEN.

THOU Living God of the New Dispensation, do graciously fill us with Thy reviving Spirit

that we may thoroughly relinquish our own old ways and through the incessant operation of Thy redeeming and ever-renewing grace become quite new men worthy of Thy New Dispensation. The carnal men of the world habitually think of and crave the pleasures of the flesh; but the people of Thy New Dispensation have no other desire in their hearts but to glorify Thee and establish Thy New Church here on earth.

SPIRITUAL ATTAINMENT.

THOU Perfect God, Thou hast given us the sweet harmony of all religions in the New Dispensation. Thou hast taught us to love and realize in our life the various elements of faith, love, holiness, communion and service; but we do not enjoy any of these elements deeply as the great prophets of the world and most of their immediate followers did. Do Thou help us to rise above this imperfection, and to attain deep knowledge, deep love, deep holiness and deep peace from Thee.

SPEAK TO US.

THOU Eternal Word and Ever-Speaking God, can it be true that Thou who hast given us the power of speech canst not speak? We offer to Thee long prayers and dost Thou return no answer to them? Art Thou speechless and dumb? Canst

Thou never break Thine eternal silence? God, Thou didst speak directly to Moses, Jesus, Paul, Mahomet, Chaitanya and other prophets, wilt Thou not condescend to speak to us the humble apostles of Thy New Dispensation? Do speak to us O Thou Eternal Word.

HOLY LOVE.

GOD of communion and God of love, do Thou harmoniously unite in us Thy holiness and love. We are so weak and one-sided that when we take the austere vow of asceticism and cultivate holiness our heart dries up, we cease to love any one. Again when the heart is reanimated and glows with love we oftentimes violate the sacred principles of holiness. Do Thou therefore imbue our spirit with Thy holy love. We have experienced in our life that there is no constancy in love without purity and there is no sweetness in holiness without love. Love without purity is morbid excitement, and holiness without love is hypocritical puritanism. Teach us to steer clear of both.

IN THE SPIRIT-WORLD.

DEAR and sweet God, Thou hast forbidden us—followers of the New Dispensation, to renounce the human society and to lead austere lives in some forest; but how can we then practise asceticism in the midst of the world? Do Thou teach us

the science of living above the world though we are in the world. Teach us, O Light of all ages, to live as disembodied spirits though living in the body. Help us, O Supreme Spirit, to keep our souls at an infinite distance from the allurements of the flesh. Let the body eat and drink; but the soul must ever fly to heaven with the wings of faith and prayer. A true ascetic constantly dwells in the higher sphere of the spirit-world whereas the man of the world is an insect grovelling in the filth of this earth.

TRANSFORM US.

MIGHTY Worker of miracles, Thou hast shown us numerous marvels in connection with Thy New Dispensation; but no one will accept it as God-sent, unless Thou convert us poor sinners into holy men and holy women. Do Thou wield Thy magic wand, and completely change these creatures of the world into angels of heaven.

MOTHER DIVINE.

MOTHER-GOD, how sweetly and how warmly Thou dost love us! What a beautiful and perfect religion Thou hast given us. It is a sure token of Thine exceeding love for us. Can it be O Thou Infinite Tenderness, that Thou dost not love us or that Thou canst forget us? O Divine Mother, Thou art infinite and eternal joy, and Thou canst not suffer any of Thy children to perish in sin and sorrow,

and hence the flood-gates of Thy redeeming love are opened for us in Thy New Dispensation.

June 2, 1881.

Substance of Prayers in the Sanctuary.

THE ETERNAL FRIEND.

ALmighty and Most Gracious Father, with whom shall we hold converse in our old age and after death? Thou alone art our constant and eternal Friend. All else will pass away, but Thou wilt stay with us for ever. Do Thou therefore help us to enjoy more intimate and deeper intercourse with Thee O Thou Indwelling and Everlasting Friend do Thou whisper into our spirit-ears the fiery and life-giving words of Thy holiness and tender mercy. The season has already come when Thine apostles should retire into the lonely and secret chambers of their own hearts, and hold direct and silent communion with Thee

THE HIGHER BLISS.

GOD, Thou art both our Father and King. We enjoy the happiness of loving communion, but Thy saints above enjoy the happiness of purity by serving Thee as their King and Lord. All holy men and holy women enjoy a higher kind of bliss and felicity, as they are absolutely obedient to Thee.

Thy grace, for truth is mightier than its enemies. The preachers in this city are in the midst of sore trial. Who will help them out of their difficulties? Do Thou help them, O God, and make the banner of truth once more triumphant.

June 9, 1881.

Substance of Prayers in the Sanctuary.

UNDER THE NEW BANNER.

O THOU, Most Charming and Ever-Beautiful God, Thine ever-attractive beauty never fades. Thou art repeatedly and continually enkindling in the hearts of Thy devotees the holy fire of enthusiasm to worship and serve Thee. Thou wilt never allow our interest in Thee to flag, and hence Thou art not tired of sending to us fresh things. Thou art constructing with Thine own hand the sweet and attractive hive of Thy New Dispensation, and drawing to it swarms of bees from distant places and different ages. The ancient *Yogis* and *Rishis*, Sakya and his followers, Christ and his friends, Chaitanya and his disciples and all other prophets and saints of the world have come to swell up the chorus of the New Dispensation. And all the God-seeking men and women of India have joyfully gathered themselves under the banners of the New Dispensation. Dear and sweet Father, our spirit is full of gratitude for these Thy great and tender mercies. O Thou Holy Spirit, make our lives worthy of these mercies. Help us to be perfectly pure in Thy sight. Let not a single stain defile our body or mind.

MY SHEPHERD.

THOU art my all, O my God, I have no one else in heaven or on earth to rely upon. Do Thou teach me not to depend upon or expect any thing from earthly friends. Thou hast promised, O God, to supply all my wants. And I have seen in my life that Thou hast faithfully redeemed Thy promise in all circumstances. As Thou art my Shepherd, I shall not want. And as I trust in Thee, and take no thought for the morrow neither for my food nor for raiment, and as I rely upon none but Thee for life of my body or of my spirit, I ask Thee to enable me under Thy grace to keep the vow of true asceticism.

CRUSH SELF.

GOOD God, do Thou crush our pride and break our self-will. Thy holy and perfect will cannot be accomplished in life unless our ignoble self is killed outright. Be Thou the sole Master of our self. And do Thou banish our vile self out of us and establish there Thy holy throne.

THE NEW DISPENSATION.

EVER-WAKING God, behold the car of Thy New Dispensation is continually moving onward and upward. It is never at a stand-still like the other religions of the world. In them we see stagnation and want of vitality; but the vessel of

the New Dispensation is ever moving forward from new to newer regions of Thy holiness and love. God of life, never allow us to languish ; but help us to receive Thy renewing Holy Spirit without ceasing.

RETIRING WITHIN.

HEAVENLY Father, in this rainy season our forefathers used to observe the *Chaturmashya*. During that season there was a cessation of their itineracy and they employed themselves only in indoor exercises, in deep meditation and communion. Do Thou mercifully help us also to immerse ourselves now in the ocean of Nirvana and thus completely put out all flaming passions which arise from the flesh. Shower upon us deep communion for it will certainly fertilise the soil of our hearts where will spontaneously grow beautiful and fragrant flowers. Cause Thy heavenly showers also to swell up within us the river of Bhakti.

THE ROOT OF EVIL.

WORD God, let Thy people hold deep and uninterrupted communion with Thee. Do Thou entirely besiege their body and mind, do Thou at once eliminate their self from within themselves. This wicked self rebels against Thee. Do Thou trample upon it and completely overthrow it. Christ, the Friend of sinners, had no self, and therefore

he was full of the Holy Spirit of God. Every one who loves Thee treats self as Satan, because this self is the root and author of the six passions which defile and corrupt humanity and which lead men and women astray from Thee.

June 16, 1881.

Substance of Prayers in the Sanctuary.

THE NEW LIFE.

GOD of life, gift us with new life, take away from us the old man who rebels against Thee, and completely destroy him that he may no longer live. Thou knowest, O Thou All-seeing Light, that Thy throne of grace has not yet been fully established within our hearts and that we do not yet allow Thee to reign there without a rival. Jesus and other prophets were regenerated in Thee. They lived Thy life, and they had no selfish old life. Do Thou graciously help Thy men and women of the New Dispensation to put off the old carnal life and be thoroughly baptised with new life.

THE FLESH AND THE SPIRIT.

HOLY Spirit, do Thou so sanctify our inmost being that we may wholly subdue the lusts of the flesh. In all climes and in all ages Thy devotees took special care to subjugate the flesh. They never

allowed the desires and appetites of the flesh to stand in the way of their spiritual progress. Those who love their bodily life are not fit to receive new life. But he who is dead to the cravings of the body is alive to God, and grows in spiritual strength and grace. Let the holy fire of asceticism burn up our old carnal life and out of its ashes will spring up a new soul with devine beauty and grandeur.

THE STUDENTS.

O THOU Guide and Friend of the young, do Thou bless and befriend our young men. Let the Students' Vow bring forth good fruits in due season. Do Thou constantly keep them under Thy holy guidance. Protect them from all forms of sin and evil. May the fire of Thy holiness, O Thou Holy God, consume in them whatever is impure or unseemly in Thine Omniscient eye!

June 23, 1881.

Substance of Prayers in the Sanctuary.

TIMES OF PERIL.

ALMIGHTY God, it is very hard to hold fast by the helm in times of peril; but Thy men of faith put their whole trust in Thee even under most trying circumstances. They say, "when these trials and troubles come from God: there must be

some good purposes hidden in them ; they are destined to save us from some unseen perils, so that though God slays us yet will we trust in Him" O Lord, Thou hast undertaken to provide for Thy Theistic apostles and their families, so teach us to believe that when Thou dost withhold some temporal help, there are either some serious shortcomings on our part which Thou dost desire to remove or that Thou dost intend to lead us to a higher stage of purity and peace.

DIRECT INSPIRATION.

GOD, reveal to us more light. Thy beloved son Jesus did not begin his public life before he was thoroughly trained up for it and inspired by Thee in secret. Let Thy disciples of the New Dispensation also largely commune with Thee in solitude for fresher and deeper inspiration, before they think of communicating Thy glorious gospel to others. No one can initiate true reformation without direct inspiration from Thee. The mere second-hand knowledge of truths cannot move or revolutionize society. Do Thou therefore lead our apostles into Thine immediate presence and there inspire them directly with the saving light of Thy wisdom.

A NEW BAND OF WORKERS.

GOD of Infinite Justice, let us not despair of our spiritual exercises or our charitable and

good works, although we fail to reap their fruits when we expect them. Never allow us to be tired of praying to Thee or be weary in well-doing. Thou hast, O God, destined and appointed us to worship and serve Thee throughout our life, and we have no right to cease at any time from our life-long service to Thee even if we meet with repeated failures and reverses. Help us, O God, to bear the crosses of life with patience and meekness and thus raise up a band of persevering and ever-improving devotees under Thy New Dispensation.

THE TEMPTER.

THOU Supreme Sovereign of this universe, do Thou graciously vouchsafe unto the subjects of Thy New Dispensation those special and new laws, obedience to which will enable them to behold and enjoy the sweet smiles of Thy countenance. Do Thou give every man and every woman of the New Dispensation such laws as will satisfy the wants of each. Do Thou, O Holy King, communicate to every one of us Thy special purposes for each, because every one of us is suffering from some special maladies which are known only to Thee and which Thou alone canst heal. It is not the one or the same temptation which besets every one of us ; but there are various temptations which assail and threaten different persons in different times. Do Thou inwardly strengthen and encourage us to overcome and conquer our special enemy with that kind of moral and spiritual heroism which Buddha and Jesus displayed in vanquishing Mara and Satan

respectively. Help each one of us to say, as they said to their antagonist,—“Get thee behind me, Satan”.

SPIRITUAL INEBRIATION.

GOD of Eternal Joy, Thou art our supreme bliss and ever-lasting felicity. Teach us to rejoice in Thee without ceasing. Holy Spirit, whenever we fail to drink in Thy blessedness, that insidious foe, Satan comes to tempt and deceive us, and we imperceptibly yield to the allurements of carnal pleasures. Do therefore, O Merciful Father, keep us constantly inebriated with Thy love, and reveal to us the secret of daily increasing our spiritual inebriation.

June 30, 1881.

BEYOND SIN AND TEMPTATION.

GOD, do Thou lead us to that place which is beyond sin and temptation. Our sinful nature requires a change of climate. By the fire of Thy holiness Thou hast, O Holy Spirit, burnt up our carnal nature, and by the water of Thy grace Thou hast created in us new souls. Do Thou now place us in such a pure and healthy atmosphere that our new life may be always in Thy safe-keeping and grow rapidly in Thy favour. Guide us by the continual inspiration of Thy Holy Spirit.

THY CHILDREN.

EVER-LIVING and Ever-Loving Father, Thy beauty never fades, Thy love never dries up. Being Thy children why should we lose our freshness and vigour? Do not allow us to become old and decrepit; but ever help us to live as little buoyant children who live exclusively upon the milk of the mother's breast. We are always as little children before Thee. Let us not then eat the food which grown-up men eat. But give us children's food and drink, milk. Let us not drink anything else but the pure milk of Thy secret Inspiration. Even if we grow in years and be nearer the grave we shall continue to be children in spirit and shall not cease to live upon Thy milk.

OUR RESPONSIBILITIES.

DO Thou O Merciful God, give us power to bear patiently the weight of the responsible work which Thou hast placed over our head. Thou holdest Thy servants responsible for organizing upon earth the vast Kingdom of Heaven. But Thou knowest, O God, how many insuperable difficulties and terrible sins and temptations beset the paths of Thy servants here. Do Thou give us strength and courage to overcome them, and achieve victory in Thy name.

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A BAND OF DEVOTEES.

GOD, do Thou raise up a band of devotees worthy of Thy New Dispensation. Let faith, wisdom, love and purity be harmoniously combined in our character.

NEW DEVOTEES.

GRACIOUS Saviour, encourage us to cultivate our spirituality without ceasing. Even the greatest devotees of the world attained victory over self and Satan through long continued spiritual discipline. All the pious men and women of ancient times devoted themselves to various vows and austerities to enjoy spiritual blessings ; but the tendency of the present age is not favourable to spiritual growth. Do Thou therefore set up at least a few examples of spiritual men and women under the New Dispensation.

OUR GUARDIAN.

GLORD, Thou art our Shepherd. Thou art continually watching over and protecting us. Thou hast worked numerous miracles to save us from perils. Thou art never far away from us, Thou art our immediate help in all troubles. Teach us to love Thee devoutly and warmly.

FROM THE UNREAL TO THE REAL.

THOU True God, Thy dealings with us are clear and unmistakable. We shall, therefore, steer clear of all imagination and falsehood. Do Thou destroy everything that is unreal and insincere in us. Thou art Truth, and every thing that pertains to Thee is True. Do Thou, therefore, enable us to hate unreality and love Truth.

Thursday, July 7, 1881.

LAW AND LOVE.

GOOD and Righteous Father, whether discipline or freedom whatever cometh from Thee is good for us. But as perfect love casteth out fear, those who love Thee perfectly, do not like to live under the fear of the Mosaic law. They prefer to live under the reign of Thy grace. But we who have not as yet set our whole heart upon Thee, must pass through Thy sanctifying discipline and ascend with Moses the inward Sinai of our conscience to hear the Divine Oracle. Do Thou, O God, bind us with the ties of asceticism and obedience at first, and then when Thou wilt think it well, Thou mayst set us free to roam about enjoying the flowers of Thy garden as honey loving bees.

THE SPIRIT-LIFE.

GOD, as Thou art Spirit, so are Thy children invisible spirits. Do Thou, therefore, help us to cast off all outward attachment and recognize and love Thy children as immortal souls. Man is not flesh; but he is an immortal spirit, destined to worship and love God time without end. Teach us, O Supreme Spirit, to hate our perishable body and love our spirit, that we may be dead to our carnal nature and live unto Thee.

GOD IN HISTORY.

THOU, Great Disposer of events, enlighten us and help us to behold Thy finger in the events around and within ourselves. We Theists of the New Dispensation, must be devout believers in the doctrine of God in History, when thousands of the present generation discard God from human society and trace no Divine agency in human affairs. Teach us, O God, to regard our own individual life as the highest Gospel. Help us to receive Thy dispensations whether they be severe crosses or tender mercies, with equal trust in Thee.

LIVING FROM WITHIN.

THOU Divine Indweller, help us to be more spiritual and to draw nearer to Thee. The

age is not favourable to deep spirituality. The so-called refined or civilized people of the present century scoff at asceticism, poverty and silent communion. The hearts continually rove abroad, and are never inclined to enter into the secret tabernacle of their heart to worship their Maker therein. Under such adverse circumstances help us to withdraw ourselves from all earthly things, and embrace Thee as our only eternal Friend.

OUR APOSTLES.

THOU Lord of Hosts and King of the Saints above. Do Thou mould and train up Thy New Dispensation devotees after Thine own heart. Do Thou daily work out Thy will in us individually and collectively. Authorise every member of this band to proclaim to the world with the example of his holy life, that the inspiration of Thy Holy Spirit has not ceased. Inspire every apostle of the New Dispensation with Thy Holy Spirit that he may clearly interpret Thy will to the world.

Friday, July 15, 1881.

OUR DEFENDER.

LORD, Thou art our defence. Thy name is mighty as a lion; the sinners tremble when they hear Thy name. Thou art our Righteous King, therefore Thou dost teach and chastise those who

do not repent for their sins. It is Thy powerful and chastening rod which protects social purity and chastity. Thou art the Protector of Thy loving devotees ; but to the unrepenting sinner Thou art terrible as a thunder. Lord help us to put our whole trust in Thee as our Strong Defence against the assaults of our enemies.

THE SOIL AND THE HARVEST.

HOLY God, open our inward eye to behold Thy protecting hand. Thou art incessantly showering upon us Thy tender mercies. We are in Thy safe-keeping. Thou hast placed us in a holy atmosphere. Here is no fear of temptation or evil. Here is nothing to entangle us in the snare of sin. Here we may employ ourselves in spiritual exercise without any hindrance or interruption from outside. On the contrary, the whole atmosphere is favourable to the culture of deep spirituality. Divine husbandman, Thou hast planted on the soil of the New Dispensation the seeds of meditation, silent communion, and social devotion. Do Thou water the soil and cause these seeds to produce abundant harvest.

THE NEW DISPENSATION.

MERCIFUL Father, enable us to feel the grandeur of Thy New Dispensation. How sublime and how comprehensive is Thy New Dispensation.

It connects all nations and all prophets with one another. It rejects nothing that is true and good. But how unworthy we are of it. Do Thou, Loving Father, expand our minds and enlarge our hearts, and fill us with Thy Holy Spirit that we may establish on earth Thy New Dispensation with valour and enthusiasm.

THE RAINY SEASON.

MERCIFUL Father, help us to observe *Chatur-mashya* during this rainy season. The ancient Rishis of India used to lose themselves in contemplation and deep communion at this time. Do Thou, O God of Yogis and Rishis, descend upon us, and lift us up from all low thought and mean cares of this world, and absorb us in Thy holy spirit.

THY NAME.

O THOU Dear and Sweet God, Thy name to our mouth is just like milk. It is delicious and it is nourishing. Teach us to drink largely the nectar of Thy name. Let us love and taste Thy name. Thy name purifies and sweetens the sin-burnt and embittered heart.

July 22, 1881.

Substance of Prayers in the Sanctuary.

THE VEDAS AND PURANS.

G THOU Infinite God, enable us to behold Thee as Thou art in Thyself. We have seen Thee in history and in Thy works; we now desire to see Thee in Thyself. The Hindu Purans glowingly speak of Thine occasional manifestations; but Thou art described in the Vedas as the Infinite and Eternal Spirit who can be perceived only by faith and love. The Purans reveal Thee as Thou art manifest in creation; but the Vedas speak of Thee as perfect in Thyself. Do Thou help us to realize Thee as Thou really art.

THE GIFTS OF THY LOVE.

G OD of love, teach us to count the gifts of love which Thou hast so long showered upon us. Let us number and appreciate all the jewels which Thou hast strewn along our way. Let our hearts overflow with gladness and gratitude for all the blessings which we have received from the Gracious Giver. Thou hast, O Lord, scattered over the path of our life the various heavenly flowers of meditation, communion, love, asceticism, charity, purity and peace. Let us now gather them and form them into a beautiful garland, and put it on our neck.

THREEFOLD UNION.

G THOU, Omnipresent and Indwelling Supreme Spirit, help us to enjoy deep and sweet communion with Thee, during this period of *Chaturmashya*. Closely unite us with Thee in threefold union, or in other words, reveal Thyself to the three leading senses of our spirit—namely faith, conscience and love. Let us behold Thy ravishing beauty with the eye of faith, let us hear Thy sweet and stirring voice with the ear of conscience, and let us touch Thy regenerating feet with holy love.

SOLITUDE AND SILENCE.

GOD of hermits and recluses, teach us to love solitude and silence like the hermits who live in dark and dense forests, and enjoy the solemnity of nature. Thou art, O God, the affectionate Mother of those friendless ascetics. They have no one else but Thee to take care of them. The fruits of Thy wild trees supply them with food, and the neighbouring fountain water is their drink. Help us O God, to live, like them, simple and unostentatious lives.

BEARING TESTIMONY.

DIVINE Mother, how can we forget Thy benefits? Thou hast overwhelmed us with Thy tender mercies. How can we cease to love Thee and sing Thy name with joy? Never allow us to be guilty

of ingratitude. With martyr-like heroism we must bear testimony to the numerous miracles which Thou hast wrought in Thy New Dispensation to save ourselves and the whole world. Be Thou our help.

GOD OF HEROES.

GOD of martyrs and heroes, do Thou completely annihilate all forms of cowardice and weakness in us. Strengthen and encourage us to speak of Thee and of Thy marvellous power fearlessly and joyfully. We have seen and heard Thee in secret, and now we must acknowledge Thee before the world.

July 29, 1881.

Substance of Prayers in the Sanctuary.

OUR MOTHER SAVIOUR.

MIGHTY and Gracious Saviour of mankind, do Thou brighten and increase our trust in Thy redeeming grace. Thou art Thyself disposing the events of our lives to save us from sin and sorrow. Thy just and merciful dispensations are the highest Gospel of our salvation. Being our Infinite and Eternal Mother Thou art constantly dealing with us most fairly and tenderly. It is Thine infinite mercy which plucks out the very root of every sinful

tendency in us. Help us to trust in Thee even when we are under Thine afflictive visitations.

OVERCOMING TEMPTATIONS.

GOD, without Thee it is very difficult, yea, impossible to steer the vessel of life calmly in the tempestuous ocean of the world. The trials and perils which beset our paths here are innumerable. Who can overcome them without Thee? These tribulations and temptations form the character of Thy loving devotees. Do Thou so purify and fortify our inmost beings that we may be above them.

THE HEAVY-LADEN.

THOU Abode of eternal rest and peace, Thou art the Friend of all peaceless and unhappy souls. Thou dost give rest to all that labour and are heavy-laden. Thou art the Eternal and Supreme Comforter to them who being quite tired of the crosses, disappointments and vexations of the world, at last, come to Thee. O God, we have come to Thee for peace and true happiness. Do Thou give each of us shelter under Thy feet.

HOLINESS AND LOVE.

RIND God, teach us to trust in Thee. Thou art both our Father and King. As Father, Thou

dost love us, and as King, Thou dost rule over us. Thou dost now and then wound us to heal. To be worthy of Thee we must not only be tender-hearted, but also pure-minded. Thou art Holy Love. Thy nature cannot tolerate in Thy children want of holiness or love. Do Thou give us both holiness and love.

AT ONE WITH THEE.

GOD God, Thou art our one Parent and only Master. We are all born of Thee and we are all destined to do Thy will. Let us therefore identify ourselves with all humanity. Selfishness is a great drawback to this identification. It is this mean selfishness which induces us to seek our own interests and to be blind to those of others. Do Thou therefore totally eliminate it from our nature, and make us at one with Thy whole family.

STEADY AND FAITHFUL.

GTHOU Eternal and unchangeable God, enable us to get rid of fickleness and be steady in our love for Thee. As we grow older in years so let us become more faithful and more loving. Do not allow us to be guilty of unsteadiness in Thy service.

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SIN OF NEGLIGENCE.

THOU Infallible Judge and King, do Thou sit upon the throne of our conscience and convict us, and make us ashamed of our sinful negligence in the discharge of our daily duties. Being charmed with high ideals of life we disobey Thee, O God, in the small details of our life. Aspiring after the exalted position of an ascetic or a philanthropist we forget to do our simple duties to our friends and neighbours. Save us, O God, from such negligence.

MOULDED BY THY LOVE.

DEAR and Kind God, help us to be a band of loving friends to Thee. It is a shame on our part that we have nearly for a period of twenty years lived together and worked together in Thy field and yet we do not love one another as Thou dost desire. Let us feel the wretchedness of our selfishness and teach us to be soft and humble as clay so that Thy love may mould us according to Thy will and unite us with one another.

August 5, 1881.

Substance of Prayers in the Sanctuary.THE MAN OF *Navavidhan*.

GOD of all nations and of all ages, do Thou mould our lives according to the light of the

New Dispensation. Let not the eclectic spirit be confined only to our theology ; but let it also leaven our private and social lives, and let it sanctify and regulate our domestic relations. Teach us to amalgamate in our character in a beautiful synthesis the lives of our ancient Rishis, and all other saints and reformers of humanity. Let us harmonize in our lives yoga and bhakti, asceticism and love.

IMPURITY OR DEATH.

GOD, Defender of purity, Thou hast not forsaken human society. Enable us to behold Thee in the administration of human affairs. We do not, like retired hermits, live in dense forests ; we live in the midst of human society, and how can we live if we do not see Thee here as our Protecting and Presiding Deity ? The world of men and women is not so black and ungodly as many a sceptic and misanthrope supposes it to be. Thou art, O God, watching over and protecting every man and woman. It was under Thy merciful and holy protection that, the other day, one of Thy daughters protected her purity, although she could not save her life, from the fierce onslaughts of a ferocious drunkard. We ascribe glory to Thee, O God, that Thou didst help Thy daughter to avoid impurity rather than to avoid death.

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THE PENITENT.

FATHER of the universe, Thy tender mercies are over all Thy works. Thou art never partial. Thy sun shines upon the rich as well as on the poor : but those who set their whole hearts upon Thee are privileged to enjoy Thy special mercies. No sooner does a sinner penitently cry for Thy help than Thou dost annihilate all distance between him and Thyself and dost reveal to him the light of Thy countenance.

DEAN STANLEY.

ETERNAL Life, we ask Thee to bless the departed Dean Stanley. He lived and worked here on earth as one of the most large-hearted servants of Christ. He has left an example of uncommon Christian liberality and unselfishness. He deeply appreciated and sympathized with the spirit of the New Dispensation in India. Let the celestial perfume of his holy and sweet life incite us to do the work of our lives faithfully and joyfully. Confer on him, O God, a rich crown for the noble services he has rendered to Thee here, and open his eye to behold Thee face to face.

TRUSTING THEE.

GOD of truth, instruct us to hate unreality and insincerity. Teach us to be simple and sin-

cere as children. We are quite sick of the infernal complications of hypocritical and worldly prudence. Blessed are the little guileless children who entirely depend for their lives upon their parents and so take no thought for the morrow! They are the true ascetics of nature. Kind God, do Thou help us to put child-like trust in Thy providence.

MATTER AND SPIRIT.

GOD of heaven and earth, do Thou destroy all forms of scepticism and ungodliness that are still lingering and lurking in us. Oftentimes we foolishly think that we can manage our worldly affairs without Thee, although it is impossible for us to prosper in spiritual matters without direct and immediate help from Thee. Divine Captain, can weak mortals cross the boundless ocean of the world without Thine aid? Immanent God, without Thee we cannot even eat a morsel of rice. Thou art our Household Deity. Marriage, birth and all other domestic events are disposed by Thee. The men of faith behold Thee in all the affairs of the world. Thou art ruling over both the world of matter and the world of spirit.

August 12, 1881.

Substance of Prayers in the Sanctuary.

VEILED YET UNVEILED.

THOU Unseen and Incomprehensible God, though Thou art veiled yet Thou art revealed.

We know Thee not fully ; but we recognize Thee as our own. Art Thou indwelling within us or encircling us? No one seeth Thee ; but Thou art stealing away the minds and hearts of thousands of men and women. O God, who art Thou? What is Thy name? Art Thou very nearly related to us? Art Thou our Mother, Guide, Friend, Lord, Saviour and Comforter? Thou art our all. We do not know Thee, yet we are charmed with Thee, because Thou art Beauty itself.

A STEADY FAITH.

LORD of mankind, grant unto us steady and everlasting faith in Thee. Let us not even forget or forsake Thee in the most severe trials of our lives. Let us cling to Thy feet even in the seasons of thick darkness. Thou dost never visit us with afflictions without a desire to heal us. Thou dost withhold the light of Thy face from us and throw us into darkness whenever Thou seest that we are eaten up with conceit and vanity. It is Thy design that we should be ever conscious of our true position, that we should ever feel that we are nothing, and that Thou art our all. Without Thee we can do nothing as we cannot live a single moment without Thee, so we cannot offer a single prayer to Thee without Thy grace.

THY BEAUTIFUL FACE.

TRUE and Ever-living God, help us to easily discover Thy beautiful face in the infinite space. How easily do the idolaters form out of clay the beautiful faces of their imaginary deities. And why not shall we—Thy true believers, evolve out of vacuum Thy real and ever-charming countenance with the eye of faith?

PERFECT LOVE.

GOD of love, teach us to walk in the path of evergrowing love. The way of love is the way of eternal progress. There is no end of love. Thou art our Eternal and Best Friend. We cannot rest satisfied with worshipping Thee with half love. Immerse us into the fullest measure of Thy love. Nothing short of perfect love for Thee can save us. Do Thou graciously help us to enjoy Thee continually in secret. Do Thou abide in us as our constant Friend.

OUR MOVEMENT.

GLORIOUS God, make us conscious of the dignity of our exalted position. Thou hast made us the light and salt of the world. Let us feel the weight of our high responsibilities. Make us worthy of the positions in which Thou hast placed us. The whole religious world is looking upon us, and watch-

ing upon our movements with interest and expectation. The pious Hindus, the true Christians, and faithful Mahomedans are all sympathizing with us and are charmed with the heaven-born beauties of the New Dispensation. May our lives and characters be worthy of it!

HOLY WEDLOCK.

GOD, do Thou preside over the present domestic event as our Household Deity. Do Thou bless the youngman and the youngwoman who are to be shortly wedded to each other. Thou didst create this vast universe out of nothing. And Thou dost unite in holy wedlock man and woman who are brought by Thee from different places. Thou art the Kind Disposer of all good events that take place in every household. Do Thou initiate this new couple in the saving principles of Thy true religion.

REACHING THE GOAL.

FATHER, all is well that ends well. Do Thou make our future, glorious and happy. Those who endure to the last, shall be saved. Thou hast brought us very far in the ways of Thy truth and righteousness. Do not now leave us. Abide with us and help us to reach the goal, which Thou hast appointed for us.

August 19, 1881.

Substance of Prayers in the Sanctuary.

FASCINATED WITH GOD.

GOD, how can we abide with Thee if we do not truly love Thee and are inwardly charmed with Thy beauty? Moses, Jesus, and Chaitanya beheld Thee and were fascinated with Thee and therefore they could no more return to the world; but they lost themselves in the ocean of Thy beauty. Do Thou, O God, manifest Thyself to us in such a way that we may at once give Thee our whole hearts and make Thee our all in all.

GUIDE US.

FORD, are we obedient to Thee both in the concerns of our spiritual lives and in those of our domestic lives? Dear Father, do we devote our daily lives to the fulfilment of Thy holy and good purposes? Does our conscience acquit us every evening? Light of all ages, Thou art our infallible Guide. Without Thee we grope in the dark. Do Thou guide every member of the New Dispensation to Thy full truth. Let none of us do anything which is against Thy will.

LIKE JANAK RISHI.

FATHER of all mankind, do Thou graciously teach and help us to administer our worldly affairs strictly under Thy guidance. Janak Rishi was a great and mighty king. He had to rule over vast kingdoms : He was responsible for the well-being of the teeming millions of his subjects and he faithfully discharged his regal duties. But although he had to attend to unnumbered external things yet he completely set his heart on Thee, and in childlike obedience sought Thy guidance in every step of his life. Thou art, O God, the sole aim of our lives, and Thou art the only Source of our eternal joy. Do Thou therefore help us to enjoy the sweetness of deep and secret communion with Thee in the midst of all our worldly affairs.

THY TENDER MERCIES.

OUR dear Father in heaven, educate us to be warmly grateful to Thee for Thy tender mercies over us. The fountain of Thy mercy is inexhaustible and everlasting. It flows on continually time without end, and it will never cease to flow. The world has witnessed and reaped the benefits of Thy special dispensations in bygone ages and therefore in Thine infinite heart countless dispensations are yet in store for us. Day after day, and night after night declare Thy tender mercies. Thy mercy goes into everyhouse and removes the wants of every individual. We are overpowered by Thy mercies. They have bought us as slaves for Thee.

LOVING ASCETICS.

GOD, lead us safely into the haven of Thy holy peace. Thou art our infallible Guide and only Leader. The helm of our lives is in Thy hand. Thou knowest our destination. As Thou hast undertaken to steer the vessels of our lives and to care for us, we are quite safe and fearless. For Thou canst never mislead us, nor art Thou incapable of protecting us against great and unseen perils. Guide us to the haven of pure love for Thee and brotherly love for one another. See that in the end we may become a family of loving ascetics.

OUR HOUSEHOLD DEITY.

THOU art, O God, our household Deity. Enable us to make Thy house our own house. Let us not set our hearts on anything of this world. Help us to set our whole hearts on Thee. Let neither wives nor children draw us away from Thee. Be Thou our all in all. We commend to Thee all we have in this world.

August 26, 1881.

Substance of Prayers in the Sanctuary.

THE ETERNAL FRIEND.

GOD, Thou art the full recompense for all our losses. Thy presence satisfies all our wants.

We forget all other needs when we are in Thy company. Everything of this world is passing away ; Thou alone, O Eternal Friend, art the ever abiding substance in the midst of these transitory phenomena of this world. May we therefore steadfastly cleave to Thee and Thee only even when we are bereft of those who are dear and near to us !

OUR ONLY FRIEND.

DEAR and sweet God, in this world of sorrows and tribulations, we do certainly require the constant presence of a faithful Friend. We cannot live here without such a friend. And if Thou, O God, dost not condescend to be such a Friend to us we shall be indeed sad and desolate. But Thou art actually such a Friend to every one of us. Thou art determined to make us happy. And he alone is truly happy whom Thou dost make happy. In a perfectly disinterested spirit Thou art, O God, constantly removing all our wants. Thou art lavishing upon us not only various spiritual riches ; but Thou art also bountifully supplying our temporal wants.

ABOVE ALL FEAR.

GOD of Love, as we trust in Thy grace we do never lack fortitude and moral courage. We know there are numerous fatal diseases and deadly enemies always besetting us ; but we also know

Thou art our Physician and Friend, and therefore we fear no one. The light of Thy countenance dispels all fear. Conqueror of death, teach us to be Thy brave and meek worshippers.

THE HIGHEST GOSPEL.

SAVIOUR of the world, Thou hast taught us that the life of every man is the highest gospel for him. Do Thou mould our lives according to Thy will that they may not only save us, but they may also be the successful means of saving the world. Do not allow us to drag dull or faithless lives which demoralize others. Help us to live enthusiastic and godly lives which will certainly move and elevate the world.

PERFECT SIMPLICITY.

EVER-PLAYFUL God, we are Thy little children. Thou art playing with us. Thou lovest to play with simple and guileless children, and Thou hatest world-mindedness and conceit. Teach us, God, to retain our child-like reliance upon Thee. Thou art the God of perfect simplicity and perfect sincerity. Help us to eschew all forms of self-sufficiency and hypocrisy.

GODLY FAMILIES.

G THOU Household Deity, do Thou establish Thy heavenly family in the midst of our family. Teach our wives and children to set their whole hearts upon Thee. Raise up and form at least a few godly families in our community that they may forecast the future Kingdom of Heaven on earth.

September 2, 1881.

FOES INTO FRIENDS.

ALMIGHTY God, do Thou mercifully strengthen us to defeat the enemies of the New Dispensation. Those who disbelieve in God in history have no faith in the direct and special dealings of Providence with the world, so they are bitterly hostile to the growth and spread of the New Dispensation. Powerful Defender of Faith, do Thou mightily fortify us to protect the glory of Thy New Dispensation from the assaults of Thine enemies. Let Thy loving devotees fight against Thy foes heroically, and convert them into Thy friends.

TRUE MARRIAGE.

SUPREME Spirit, all external ceremonies will be soon over; but Thy spiritual family will abide for ever. Thy sons and Thy daughters are immortal. They outlive all outward changes or forms of death.

Thou dost unite in holy wedlock men and women to continue Thy holy family and extend Thy Kingdom of Heaven. Blessed are they that marry in Thy presence! O God, touch and purify them whom Thou hast chosen to admit into Thy family and teach them the secret of true marriage.

THE NEW GOD-CONSCIOUSNESS.

GOD of tender mercies, in these days of Thy New Dispensation Thou hast vouchsafed unto us, a brighter and clearer God-consciousness. We are now privileged to behold, hear and touch Thee directly and immediately. Teach us to make the best use of this Thy special gift.

THE MEMBERS OF THE CHURCH.

MERCIFUL Father, bless all the members of Thy New Dispensation. Let the male members of it evince deeper and greater faith in Thee, let all the women who belong to it unite themselves with one another to worship and serve Thee more earnestly and sincerely, and so educate our children that they may, in future, form a holy ascetic family on earth.

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HOLY LIVES.

G THOU Redeemer, do Thou thoroughly eliminate the carnal nature from within us. Thou hast made us for Thyself, so it grieves Thy Holy Spirit when Thou seest that any of Thy children turns away from Thee. The flesh, the carnal nature is enmity against Thee. It distracts Thy children from Thee, so Thou art ever determined wholly to destroy our carnality. Thou art pleased with those who have altogether subdued their flesh by means of continued spiritual exercises. Thou didst speak of Thy son Jesus, who completely overcame Satan :—“I am well pleased in my son”. The character of Chaitanya also delighted Thee. Thou dost smilingly approve of all holy lives.

THE SINNERS' STAY.

GOD of love, Thou hast infinite compassion upon sinners. Thou art intensely and always anxious to save them. As there is medicine for every disease, so is there salvation in Thee for every sin. Although Thou art absolutely spiritual and invisible, yet Thou hast condescended to reveal Thyself to us, sinners, simply out of Thine infinite mercy. We sinners would have certainly died out of despair, if Thou, O God, hadst determined to visit only the pure in spirit and to exclude sinners from direct interview with Thee.

September 23, 1881.

EVER WITH THEE.

LORD, Thou hast not as yet possessed all the intervals of our life. These are the dark by-ways through which Satan enters the heart. Father take possession of all our energies and opportunities. In the place of devotion we see Thee, enjoy Thee. But when we are engaged in the occupations of this world we are lost in them and we see Thee no more. Can it not be, O Merciful God, that Thy face should shine forth in all we see, hear or touch? Bless us, that we may exercise our eyes, ears, and hands along with those of the soul, both working harmoniously and beautifully together in Thy service.

OUR THOUGHTS.

MERCIFUL Father, it is said that man is known by the company he keeps. But he is best known by the thoughts he entertains. Led by custom or covenant we do engage ourselves daily for one or two hours in devotion. But the interval between prayers is made up by evil thoughts or thoughts about food or raiment. Thus we lower ourselves to the level of the beasts. We are no longer men, and stand far from the divine nature. It is Thy grace we want, that we may think about things relating to eternity and salvation. Why should not Jesus, and Chaitanya, dispensation and saintly brotherhood engage our thoughts and always remain uppermost in our minds? Lord, we do humbly

beseech Thee, that Thy Mercy may so dispose our minds that our thoughts may be pure and holy, noble and ever divine.

EVER STEADY.

THOU Omniscient Father, Thou art ever looking into our souls, and Thou knowest how wayward we are in every thing that concerns our higher life. Our deeds and thoughts are whimsical, even our righteousness is not an exception. Now we are devotees, now *yogis*. Kindness and indifference alternately take possession of our hearts. There is no uniformity in our actions or feelings, no conformity with any fixed ordinance. Thou doest nothing by fits and starts. So it is with Thy true followers. Bless us, therefore, gracious Lord, that our devotion and communion, kindness and righteousness may all be ordained and regulated by fixed vows. May we be as Thou art ever steady, and pursue fixed and unchangeable purposes.

JOY IN THY NAME.

IT is Thy name, O Hari, that is sweeter than all enjoyments. Thy servants want nothing but Thy name. To them Thy name is great, because those only who have seen Thee and loved Thee can have any taste for it. Thou givest Thy servants all that is valuable in this world, but they are not satisfied till they find all sweetness centred in Thy name.

In it they find their resting place, and from it they never wish to depart. Now that we are growing old, what have we but Thy name for our enjoyment? May we, like Thy devoted servants ever recite Thy Holy name and find in it that joy which is never known to fade !

September 30, 1881.

DAILY MIRACLES.

GREAT God, strange that Thou dwellest in us and workest miracles every day. We cannot but marvel at Thy grace, which abounds in us. Had we been saints, we would not have felt so strongly Thy miraculous and saving grace. But sinners as we are we daily witness the marvels of conversion in us, and the miraculous power of Thy grace which has enabled us to grow for twenty years in faith and devotion, communion and saintly joy. Lord, amidst these encouraging signs why should we despair and lose faith in further advance? Why should we not like *Fogai* and *Madhai* dance inebriated with Thy love? When Thy grace works in us in spite of our unworthiness, may we take delight in it, and aspire to higher things that we have not as yet reached or dreamt of !

AS SERVANTS.

LORD, Thy son Jesus came to serve Thy children. His followers in the Catholic Church

try to imitate him in their lives and make charity their principal concern. We, who care about devotion and communion are apt to think it too low to act the servant's part. We soar high with the help of yoga, believing that on its wing we shall be easily wafted up into heaven. Our devotion fills us with conceit, and makes us unfit for the kingdom of God. Unless we are humble and poor in spirit, we cannot pass through the narrow gate of heaven. We complain that others do not appreciate our services and instead of gratitude or sympathy give us reviling and calumny, and we proudly withhold our services. But though they malign us whom we serve, may we believe that such is the reward we expect here on earth for all our services to mankind. Grant Father, that we may specially serve them who have left all and have none to serve them. May our services be not by fits and starts! May we be constant and ever ready to serve men as humble and poor servants.

OVERCOMING THE FLESH.

WHY dost Thou, Father, hide Thy face and turn away from us? Is there something in us which to Thee is an abomination? Oh, our thoughts about food and raiment and our carnal lusts and desires have offended Thee, and brought us to the level of those that trade in animal skins. How couldst Thou smell these rotten and unclean things and suffer us to remain as we are? Why do we not subdue the flesh, serve the spirit and increase our daily devotion, so that we may fill our homes with the sweet fragrance of Thy name. Lord, we do acknow-

ledge our sins and our carnality and humbly entreat Thee to strengthen our spirit so that it may entirely overcome the flesh and thus be Thine for ever and ever.

THE ATMOSPHERE OF PILGRIMAGE.

O INFINITE Love, if we do not feel Thy holy presence in our dwelling house, if by touching its walls we do not become purer, we can never sanctify our lives. The ground we tread on is sacred. Here the great drama of Thy New Dispensation is being acted. The pilgrims of other sects journey to distant lands, enter holy shrines, or touch the waters of sacred streams. We Theists discard the idea of such outward pilgrimage, and seek its benefits in our own homes and in the midst of our family. Is not this house where we live sanctified by daily devotion? The very walls are redolent of the sweet fragrance of Thy Holy name. Unless we believe that the home with our household Deity is our Brindaban and Kashi we cannot hallow our lives by mere two hours' devotion. Grant, O Infinite Holiness, that thus we may find a sacred resting place in our homes, and ever live in an atmosphere which may purify and animate our dull and carnal lives.

October 7, 1881.

THE VOW OF SERVITUDE.

FORD, we have so long treated others as our disciples, followers or servants, but have seldom

condescended to serve them as our masters. This our arrogant position has greatly affected our character, and we have demanded comforts from those to whom, we have ministered, while we should have sat low at their feet, expecting nothing in return for the little services we have done unto them as preachers or missionaries. Thy son Jesus washed the feet of his disciples, showing what ministers and apostles should be to their congregations. Should we not follow him in this respect and be truly meek and humble as he was? Can we become faithful apostles of Thy Dispensation, unless we accept the vow of servitude, and serve our masters, even those to whose wants Thou hast called us to minister? How long, O Father, shall we claim the arrogant position of teachers? Grant that we may lower ourselves, and appear before men as so many obedient and humble servants, sent by Thee to serve the world.

OUR MOTHER.

INFINITE Loving Mother, this day our Hindu brethren will throw their idols into the river, and mourn as if Thou hast forsaken them for another twelve months leaving them to pursue their usual course in the world. We Theists cannot accept this fatal doctrine. To us there is no separation. There are however many amongst our fellow-Brahmos who like their idolatrous brethren worshipped Thee for a certain period and then went back to their old ways of worldliness and carnality. They are no longer Thine, they have returned to their former

occupations. This is a sad thing, and we do humbly beseech Thee that such cases of apostacy never recur amidst our Church. May not this fatal *dasami* of the Hindus have a place in our almanac. We are Thine and shall ever remain Thine, knowing no seperation in time or eternity.

WE THY APOSTLES.

FATHER, we are a small band, a handful of Thy followers in a country given to idol-worship. What can we do to stem the torrent of immorality which impetuously carries away thousands every year. Can our feeble hands arrest its havoc? We are powerless, we want that fire and enthusiasm which bore away the sins and iniquities of nations in former Dispensations. Almighty God, our strength lies in prayer. We come, therefore, before Thee to pray for our country's deliverance. May Thy grace descend upon it and wash away its sins and iniquities! May our countrymen know Thee and worship Thee in spirit and in truth, and find rest and peace in true devotion!

October 14, 1881.

TEMPTATIONS OF THE NEW AGE.

FATHER, why do men tempt us to forsake Thy path, and follow their teachings? It was so in former Dispensations; men of the world

tempted those who were sent to establish Thy Kingdom on earth. History repeats itself, and the old things appear afresh in new movements. Where Thy obedient servants are seen to walk, there wily Satan goes about putting temptations in their way. In this age of boasted civilization and science, Satan has changed his countenance, and comes to Thy servants in the garb of a friend concerned in our real progress. With his multitudinous hosts, he surrounds us, and tries to persuade us in diverse ways, now assuming a philosophical, now an agnostic form, that all that is old in the Vedas or the Purans is false and that inspiration or direct communication from God is an unmixed lie and a vain fancy. Any reverence for the hoary sages of the past, or Thy devotees and prophets is decried, and finds no favour with them. Good God, save us from these tempters that we may remain faithful unto Thee and be thine for ever and ever. We would follow Thy counsel only, and let no man interfere. Bless us that we may give no heed to the teachings of earthly teachers, but wholly surrender ourselves to Thy guidance.

ANSWERED PRAYERS.

FATHER, may our devotions and prayers be always accompanied with joy! Should they be dry and only promise us future blessedness they must wither sooner or later. If every word we utter in prayer does not bear immediate fruit, we must one day abandon the habit of offering ineffectual prayers. Men ask why we offer long prayers, why our devotions occasionally extend over four hours

or more, what answer can we give them but this that our prayers and devotions are a source of great joy, and this is their immediate recommendation unto us. Many a Brahmo who prayed unto Thee and expected fruits in the distant future at last sank in despair and lost faith in prayer itself. Should we pursue their course the same fate will overtake us. Grant, therefore, O Lord, that our daily and weekly prayers and devotions may bring us present blessings and immediate profit, so that we may remain ever Thy humble and prayerful servants.

LIKE LITTLE CHILDREN.

MOVING Father, let our heroism be connected with childlike simplicity. Thy son Jesus said, "suffer little children to come unto me for of such is the kingdom of heaven." Indeed only little children can enter into the Kingdom of God. Children are true heroes. No passion can overpower them. They seem to like or covet a thing. but they give it up directly another is offered to them, albeit vastly inferior in value. If more money is put into their tiny grasp than it can bear, it will keep only that much which it can hold. Children fall out and quarrel, but lo, they cling again fondly to each other. If they are angry they forget the irritation in a moment and run to kiss the enemy. Can such moral heroes be found among old men? Unless old men become little children of two, five or seven, true heroism which easily subdues passions is impossible unto them. Mother, let our strength be the strength of children, and let our sanctity be as natural as theirs. Grant

that we may become so many little children, in simplicity, trust, purity and resignation.

October 21, 1881.

CHURCH DISCIPLINE.

THOU All-seeing Examiner of our hearts, can we ever escape Thy judging eye, and pass for good and pious men? We are ministers and preachers, and are often seen at the head of public assemblies. People praise us for our piety, and are charmed with our devotions and long speeches. Thou seest our heart and knowest what foul impurities are lodged therein. As the educator of our hearts, do Thou test us with trying questions regarding the various lessons we have learnt at Thy feet. May our progress each month and each year be tested by monthly and annual examinations! Often hast Thou asked us such questions as these. Is our meditation perfectly calm and undisturbed by other thoughts? Is our devotion always accompanied by purity of character? Is our work so pure that it never smells of self? These and other similar questions test our hollow profession and prove how impure we still are. Good Lord, what could be the exact atonement for these sins and impurities in us? Impose upon us hard discipline, and make moral purity our highest concern. Gracious Father, we humbly beseech Thee to search and examine and convict our hearts, and strictly enforce moral discipline in Thy Church.

November 4, 1881.

MOVING HOUSES OF GOD.

THOU Indwelling Spirit, we have seen Thee in temples and chapels, and in the vast universe as an Immanent Being, but have not always felt Thee in the body or in our home. Thou dwellest everywhere. Why should we not at every moment realize Thee within ourselves and in our own homes, and consider them to be as sacred as the so-called house of God? We are but moving houses of God, for the body is verily Thy temple and not carnal as we are apt to suppose. When Thy presence is felt within, our senses no more hanker after the things of the flesh, but become holy at Thy touch and are imbued with Thy spirit. Father, we do therefore humbly pray unto Thee that we may make the body wherein the soul dwells and the home wherein we dwell blessed tabernacles for Thee.


THE LOST PARADISE.

NEITHER grief nor sin touched us, when we lived as innocent little children in Thy abode, O God. When we were in the mother's womb the sins and iniquities of the world did not tarnish our innocent souls. Now we are all changed men. We cannot claim Jesus or Chaitanya, Socrates or Moses, John or Sakya to be our brothers in Thee. When we were with Thee and with them in Thee we were white as snow, but lo, we are now as dark as the sun-burnt Kafiris. Who can restore to us our former

state? To whom shall we cry in our present fallen condition, in the hope of being reinstated in the company of Thy playful children in heaven? Father, we go down on our knees before Thee, and beseech Thee that thou shalt raise us from the vortex of worldliness and carnality, and give us back our lost paradise. We are Thine, O Lord, and we look up to Thee as our only help. Be gracious and raise us from the mire we are sunk in and make us Thine for ever and ever.

November 11, 1881.

THY PROMISED COMING.

HEN Thou art amidst us, O Lord, men will come from the four quarters of the world, and throng to Thy Tabernacle. Thou didst promise to our forefathers that Thou wouldst vouchsafe unto this nation Thy heavenly Dispensation. How long shall we wait for its fulfilment? To us, O Father, it seems that the good time has come when this Thy promise shall be fulfilled among us. The signs of the time all tend to show that Thou art coming in all Thy glory with Thy beloved children. May we soon enjoy this sight, that we may join the heavenly band and sing Hallelujah unto Thee in the company of Thine angelic choir.

ONE CHURCH, ONE MAN.

FATHER, if we are all Thy disciples and worshippers and if Thou art our only Teacher and Guide, we cannot fall out and hold different views concerning Thy dealings with us. Our tenets, principles and doctrines all must harmonize, and with all we shall be of one accord in Thee. Outwardly we are so many, but truly we are one body with so many hands, feet, eyes and ears. If we are not thus united it is because we do not worship the identical God, but every one of us has in his imagination formed a different conception of Divinity, which receives his homage and allegiance. We cherish inward idolatry though we may boast of outward monotheism. Thus beneath our apparent union we shall continue to be derided unless Thy timely aid stems the torrent that threatens to draw us headlong into the deep abyss of superstition and idolatry and sectarianism. It may not be gross material idol-worship, to which we are drifting. We may not be divided as other sects are. But this is sectarianism if we do not catch the same inspiration and hear and follow the same Divine Leader. If conscience speak one thing to one man, and another to another man, we are not worshippers of the same Deity, but are followers of different idols of doctrine and imagination our own hearts have set up. Lord save us from this delusion, and make us one man and one Church in Thee, that we may think, speak and act in all essential matters ever in harmony and unity according to the purposes of Thy Dispensation and unto the glory of Thy holy name.

November 18, 1881.

GENUINE HOLINESS.

G THOU All-Holy, none is acceptable unto Thee unless he practises the rules of holiness in his life. We may dance in devotional frenzy, we may put on the leopard's skin or the ascetic's yellow cloth, we may fast or fall into trance, and may thereby call forth public applause; yet for none of these will the door-keeper of Thy house admit us into Heaven. All is hollow without purity. Thou art All-Holy, Thou lookest upon sin with infinite abhorrence. How can we be Thine if while offering prayers in abundance we forget Thee and disobey Thee in actual life? Grant that we may honour those only amongst us who are holy and pure, not those who occupy high places or simply practise penances and austerities and make a show of sanctity.

STRENUOUS WORK.

WORD, the signs of the time urge us to rise and begin the work of the season in right earnest. Our spirits have immersed in Thee in deep communion and devotion, now it is time that active duties shall occupy our hearts. Sanctify industry and teach us to consider Thy work to be as holy and heavenly as *yoga* and *bhakti*. Can we sleep, and complain that we are too old for active work? If when we are forty we are not active and energetic like a boy of ten, we are not worthy of Thy Dispensation. With the buoyancy of youth, let us labour unceasingly

in Thy field, and gather abundant harvests. Augment our sphere of usefulness and increase the quantity of our work. If we find it difficult to serve two families, compel us to serve five families. If we work for six hours help us to work for twelve hours. Father bless us that we may embrace this opportunity and be active and energetic in extending Thy kingdom, according to the New Dispensation.

November 25, 1881.

THOSE WHO BRING TROUBLE.

WORD, through Thy grace we may remain unmoved amid the sore trials of life ; but if the difficulties and privations that come upon us through the malice, idleness or selfishness of our friends or foes, do not call forth our forgiving compassion and prayers for them, we are guilty before Thee. We cannot expect to escape Thy penal justice for our want of forgiveness. Jesus, when led to the cross, prayed for them who caused his death. If we do not follow his example in our life, do not beseech Thee to forgive those who cause us trouble, we are not worthy of Thy Dispensation. Father, bless us that we may bear the cross in our lives with prayer on our lips for the welfare of those who may have been consciously or unconsciously the cause of our trials and sorrows.

FEARLESS AMID TEMPTATIONS.

FATHER, why should we live in continual fear when Thou art with us ? If fear prevails,

our devotions, prayer and communion may one day come to an end, and we may be thrown adrift into the world without any hope or aspiration. Whoever lives in Thee is fearless, and faces evils and temptations in Thy strength. Lord, bless us that we may also fearlessly tread the ground under us and never shrink from trials and temptations. Father, let darkness over-shadow our paths, let difficulties abound, but let Thine effulgent face shine forth with greater lustre on us, that we may not despond. Loss in worldly things we mind not, if that draws us nearer unto Thee. Poverty, desertion, contumely and reviling we would patiently submit to, if they help us to become Thine more and more. If all that still remains to be taken away, passes quietly out of our hands, we must not think that our lot is hard, but with greater confidence repose in Thy bosom, and be blest for ever.

September 9, 1881.

Substance of Prayers in the Sanctuary.

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

HOLY God, what is that rushing force which sweeps away all the sins and iniquities of the human heart? Tell us, O God, what is that marvellous power which plucks out the root of all evil from our hearts and so radically sanctifies our whole being that temptations lose their power over us? Is it simply the regular study of scriptures or the constant company of saints that can work such

a miracle? No, these things merely cannot effect such a mighty change. It is the hurricane of Thy Holy Spirit which alone doth regenerate individuals and nations. Nothing but the descent of Thy Holy Ghost can revive those who are dead to God and to their salvation. Without Thy Grace and inspiration we cannot give up even a single sinful tendency. There is no sin, however black and formidable it may be, which Thou O God, canst not put down. Let Thy Holy Spirit descend upon us and make us completely new souls.

GODLY JOY AND PEACE.

THOU art, O God, the eternal source of pure joy. In Thee joy and purity dwell together; but we are at present, quite unlike Thee. We become morose and sad when we strive to cultivate asceticism and purity, and we lose our purity when we are inclined to rejoice in Thy gifts. Enable us, O God, to harmonize these two extremes. Do Thou strengthen us to eschew both gloomy asceticism and impure raptures. Let us always aim at godly joy and holy peace. We ought not to forbear smiling; but we must smile and rejoice as ascetics and holy men.

RELIGION AND MORALITY.

HOLY and Gracious God, are religion and morality two things? Can we separate reli-

gion and morality from each other? Can a religious man be immoral, or a moral man irreligious? Certainly not. Thou art, O God, the fountain-head of both morality and religion; they are the same at the bottom. And in fact, true morality cannot exclude religion, nor can true religion be divested of morality, because religion is the very life and stay of true morality. Do Thou, therefore, O God, help us to grow in morality and religion at the same time.

SANCTIFY OUR WORK.

December 9, 1881.

WORD, we cannot say that we do every work at Thy command. When we have done a work and are asked why have we done so, we may then say we have done at Thy bidding because we find it to be conformable to Thy moral law. This is not as it should be. Bless us therefore that before we begin a work, we may wait till we get Thy approval. Sanctify our works by Thy direct command that we may in return be sanctified by them.

DEVOTED TO THEE.

MOVING Father, if our hearts do not overflow with Thy love, if there remains still a place for other things besides Thee, we are not as yet completely entranced with Thine incomparable beauty.

Show us, Mother, Thine effulgent face and charm us that we may not forget it when we are occupied with our duties in Thy vineyard. May joy and peace abound in us and may our love for Thee develop into a mighty and holy impulse !

GROWING WITH AGE.

FATHER, we do not always bear in mind the truth that with the increase of our age our responsibility increases also. The advance of age should bring along with it increased love, purity, and devotion. We must in old age lead a life of pure asceticism, enraptured devotion, and deep communion. The manifestation of Thine eternal love and holiness goes on increasing as time advances ; why should not our love and purity keep pace with it ? Grant, O Lord, that the increase of age may be a blessing unto us, and that it may not destroy our deeper sentiments but deepen them for ever and ever.

December 16, 1881.

RESURRECTION.

THOU Eternal God, if we have descended from heaven to do Thy work on earth, shall we not again ascend to that abode whence we came ? Death has lost its sting because we believe in the

ascension of the soul. Christ came down from heaven, and rose from the dead, ascended and returned to his Father, giving assurance to every man that death is nothing but resurrection. We have strong faith in spiritual resurrection. The earthly body decays, but the soul rises. Our beloved brother has lately gone unto Thee. He is there with Thy holy children. They and we are all living in Thy presence now, the same breast suckling us all. In our daily devotion we meet at Thy feet. Why then should we mourn for the death of our brother, whom we have not really lost, but who is still one with us in Thee? He is in our midst as a saintly soul. Let us rejoice, and be blest in his company for ever and ever.

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February 12, 1882.

THE JOY OF RECOVERY.

IF it is agreeable to Thy will and pleasure O Mighty Healer, that I should recover, then let Thy sweet mercy so sanctify and renovate my soul that I may devote the remainder of this life wholly to the work which remains to be done. Even amid weakness and distemper diamond thoughts glow and sallies of sentiment surge up in the heart which seem to summon me unto fresh fields of work and fresh enterprises. Can Thy servant sleep? Bid him rise for Thy work's sake, if so Thou wilt.

February 19, 1882.

SPEAK THROUGH ME.

THOU Eternal Word, Thou hast spoken Thy purposes through the voice of prophets and martyrs. Make my speech an echo of their utterances, and my voice the voice of Thy spirit. Let me say nothing but what comes from Thee, speak no sound that is unsanctioned by the revelations of the prophets that have gone before. Let me be but the echo of Thy word, and the fulfilment of Thy prophecy.

PRAYER INCARNATE.

O MY Father, I do not merely wish to pray, but I wish to be prayer incarnate. Cause every

attitude of my mind to be the attitude of prayer, cause whole body and mind to bear witness to my devotions. Father, let all my bodily movements and all the thoughts of my mind be chastened by the spirit of my prayer and communion. For then only may I pray unto Thee without ceasing.

April 9, 1882.

ENDLESS ASPIRATION.

DESCEND unto me, O Lord, Thou art the health of my brains, and the comfort of my heart. Descend unto me with the light and fulness of Thy kingdom. Cause me to forget my poverty in the wealth of Thy presence ; cause me to forget my helplessness in the promise of Thy great help. Teach me, O Lord, to hope against hope, and day and night struggle against a whole world of disadvantages. Though feeble I would rejoice in Thy love, and Thy friendship will reconcile me yet with Thy saints and servants. My voice let it be like oil over troubled waters, like the song of faith. Feed me with the bread of faith every day, and excite me with the enthusiasm and strength of a mighty expectation. O God, my aspiration to be good and holy is very strong. My covenant with Thee is everlasting, very deep and strong. Cause me to be true to it at all times, and cause my whole existence to be guided by it. It belongeth to Thee, O Master, to spend my life in any way Thou thinkest fit. It belongeth to Thee to employ me in any capacity that Thou mayst want my services. Nothing is mean or small that

Thou dost command, nothing is great that Thou dost not appoint. Let me feel that I am serving Thee, that I am loving Thee, and am in Thy hands completely. Lord, I want no more.

April 16, 1882.

WHY COMPLAIN?

LORD, I prayed to Thee to vouchsafe unto me a broken spirit and a humble heart. Thou hast answered my sincere prayer by such crosses as have really afflicted my body and mind; why then do I complain? I tearfully and often sought a place by the cross of thy suffering self-sacrificing Son. And that place Thou hast given me at last. Lord, why, O why then do I complain? I courted humiliation and meekness, yet a single harsh word, a single unjust charge, a single act of ingratitude would break my peace of mind. Nothing has come upon me but what is for my good. Thou knowest I have not come to the world for pleasure, but for holiness. At whatever loss of pleasure that holiness may come unto me, the loss is gain. My God cause me to cease to complain at Thy dealings, for neither good nor evil can befall one but by Thy sufferance. Reconcile me to all states, and let the attitude of my soul to Thee be permanent peace.

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June 11, 1882.

DAILY SUFFERING.

BE Thou acquired by me, O Lord, at the price of this our daily suffering. Consecrate our daily labours into Thy acceptable service. Cause every duty that we perform to be a successful means of having thee in greater measures. O Lord, we can not acquire Thee at the heavy prices of life and happiness which Thy sons in other times paid to have the treasure of Thy presence. But Thou knowest what we should suffer to find Thee in this world of shadows and vanities. Let us bend our heads to Thee in absolute submission and poverty of spirit.

THE DAY OF TRIAL.

MY God, Thy sons form a wise and competent tribunal, and I stand before them as the accused. By Thy command they will try me with severe tests, and I will answer them faithfully and truthfully. They are full of justice and impartiality, and they have the power of scrutinizing my faults. Unless I can satisfy them about the purity of my conduct I can not enter into Thy kingdom. I know I can not get their approval, but I can and ought to escape their verdict of conviction. Give unto me the sterling character which can bear the criticism of men, so that I may be justified by Thee on the day of trial.

June 18, 1882.

THE SERVANTS' PLACE.

WHY should they exclude Thy servant from Thy house O Lord? Why should they debar me from uttering Thy name before the congregation? My love for Thy excellence is great, and my devotion to Thy cause sincere. How can others set forth Thy majesty as Thy servant can, who knoweth Thee? Deliver the land from the ruin of error and unrighteousness, and take off the blindness from men's eyes. Pity them that lie in the midst of their darkness, and raise them from the level of degradation into which they have fallen. O Lord, give unto Thy servant the place from which he can minister unto others, and reconcile Thine household into a mansion of peace.

THE WORLD MY HOME.

O GOD, Thy messenger cannot carry the gospel of light unto men, until he has learnt, to behold Thy presence and spirit in everyone whom he approaches. Teach me to appeal to Thee as Thou art manifest in every man and woman, in the vilest as well as in the purest. Answer Thou me from every heart that I address in Thy name. Show where and in what Thou art amidst the strange variety of natures with whom I come in contact. If I learn to recognize Thee in them, they will also be able to recognize Thee in me. Cause my intimacy to mature into brotherhood. Make the whole world my home, my play-

ground, my school, and my place of work, wherein at every turn I may behold Thee.

June 25, 1882.

CULTURE AND APOSTOLIC GRACE.

TEACH me, O Thou Eternal, to bow my being to the discipline of the century, and give me a share of the light and the culture of the times. But deprive me not, I pray to Thee, of the simplicity and apostolic grace of the primitive ages. O Father, I supplicate Thee to combine in me the sweetest refinements of domestic and social life with the asceticism and all-renouncing resignation of the *Fakeer* and the *Vairagee*. I have before Thy spirit enjoyed both these blessings in my devotional experience and I therefore pray to Thee to combine them in my character.

MY HERMITAGE.

EVEN, O my beloved Saviour, if I continue to be a sinner until the end, I cannot forbear to praise and love Thy holiness which to my soul is exceedingly beautiful. Suffer me then to be always enamoured of Thy purity. Thy holy communion is my hermitage, the land of my salvation to which I make daily pilgrimage. Thy presence is to me the fire of self-purification, Thy embrace is my ascetic's garb. Lord, pour the wine of Thy blessed character

into my bruised diseased nature, and let Thy constant contemplation be my all-powerful protection from sin and carnality.

THE MYSTERY OF THY FULNESS.

ALL-PERVADING, self-concealing Substance, Thou who art the mystery of all creation and mind, because I cannot contain Thy fulness, I struggle to bind Thy unspeakable presence with the frail conditions of my own nature. Do Thou consent to be bound by my reason and emotion, though I know Thou art boundless. Approach O Lord within the poor limitations of the being of Thy son and creature, that he may partake of the hidden glory of Thy manifestation. Approach my waiting and up-looking faculties that I may behold the soul of all philosophy, and profound thought. Deepen me within myself, carry me to the depths of Thy creation that I may rest in the deeps of my God. Reveal unto me the mystery of man's mind that I may behold Thy spirit reigning in all, and appeal to Thee even in those who boast in denying Thy name. I know, O Thou spiritual treasure, Thou art in every one, and everything, only give me the eye, the trust, the spirit to discover Thee and worship Thee everywhere, and in everything.

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July 2, 1882.

EXALTED SELF-LOVE.

EVERY ONE, O my God, yea the whole world hath praised me. Only one person hath not praised me. That is I myself. I wished long to be grateful to my heart before Thee, but O listen, nothing but censure comes to my lips. What availieth other men's praise if I must blame myself before Thee? Therefore I pray give unto me the power and grace whereby I may be grateful to myself, and find cause for that exalted self-love which knows no distinction between self and Thee. Silence my accusing conscience, and burn out this fire of repentance unto peace.

LOVE'S BOSOM.

LOVE! scatter thy fragrance and song, my soul craves rest in thee. The fountains flow, the birds of the Himalaya pour music into my ears, when I sit by thy side. Love, the tenderness of thine sympathy is more than woman's, I seek thy bosom therefore, so far from all that is near and dear to me. In thine house there is festivity and warm welcome when I approach. Driven without pity by others I came to thy doors, only to ask alms, behold Thou gavest me royalty. Love, thou art the laughter of my faded face, thou art the oil of my whitened hair, thou art the only child of my childless home, how can I bear to leave thy presence? Love, when I walk through the leafy solitudes, walkest thou not by my

side arm in arm, when I lay myself down in the night under the stranger's roof, spreadest thou not thy lap to pillow my forlorn head? Suffer me to wander within thy depths lost yet found, foolish yet wise, content if thou art near me always.

July 9, 1882.

PERFECT REPOSE.

LORD, where is that childlike unquestioning trust which produces perfect mental repose? He whose spirit resteth not completely hath no trust in Thee. Anxiety is the sure punishment of unbelief. I entreat Thee fill my heart with perfect trust and perfect rest. Let all anxiety for the future be unto me a deadly sin, because I have committed the whole future into Thy hands. Teach me to be obstinate and thoughtless in my self-surrender, simple and unreflecting in my reliance in Thee.

IN SORROW.

THIS is not the first time, O my loving Father, that Thou hast thrown me into the midst of perplexity. By Thy grace I am experienced in sorrow. My pain doth not disquiet me, but only draw me nearer to Thee. Cause all these trials to prove to my mind the utter vanity of the world, so that I may find in Thee the only reality worth having. Suffer me, to approach Thee with every complaint,

and every difficulty. Come down to console me and soothe me, and to be an all-sufficient help.

MY NATION.

GOD of my land and fathers, reconcile and combine in me the past and the future of my nation. Thou, O Eternal, hast given a character to the people amongst whom I am born. Breathe in me so that I may acquire that glorious character. Dispel the darkness of foreign imitation, and alien error, yet teach me to feed on the food of truth that comes from the world. Teach me to combine the light which all mankind shed, with the light shed by my own land and nation. Lead me through the paths of love and tender devotions, through the paths of wisdom and thought before Thy beautiful throne. Teach me to gather the fragments of reality and salvation Thou hast scattered everywhere, and with the gathering to serve my people.

July 30, 1882.

MASTERED PASSIONS.

FATHER, without the conquest of the passions there can be neither peace nor power. Devotions are good, industry is good. Knowledge is good, but nothing availeth before Thy sight but the absolute control of the bad passions of the heart. How can we establish Thy kingdom when we are so soon apt

to be angry, discontented, and bent upon hating our brethren. When there is secret love of wealth and carnal enjoyment, how is it possible to be spiritually united with Thy children. Teach us therefore to be passionless, calm, forgiving and forbearing, that Thy truths and blessings may take root in our souls.

LIVING FOR THE *Navavidhan*.

EXALTED into absorption with Thy spirit, O Thou Sublime and Ineffable what cause have I to be fettered with the mean relations and quarrels of this world? I have but one duty, and that is to be loving to every one, and especially to those upon whom the shadow of the New Dispensation hath fallen. Suffer me not to be concerned with the hatred, jealousy, and self-exaltation which I see raging on all sides. Suffer me not so to be eaten up with the sense of self-importance that because I have been spitefully used once or twice I shall hate and forsake my own brethren. O Lord, do Thou suppress my whole being in Thee, and let me live for the uses of Thy Dispensation only.

December 17, 1882.

CHURCH AND HOME.

WORD of health and harmony, reign in Thy house. Let peace and concord alight upon Thy church. Prosper Thy servants spiritually. Cause their good fruits to multiply, and their handiwork to grow. From to-morrow to to-morrow, let them draw con-

tinually nearer to truth and to light. Open their eyes that they may recognize Thee in each other. Lord, bless Thy cause, and let triumph descend upon it here as well as elsewhere.

THE FIRE OF PIETY.

EXTEND my morning devotions through all my waking hours, O Thou indwelling light! Cause my morning prayer and praise to be the mother of many an other prayer and praise during the day. Let holy and fervid ejaculations always keep ablaze the fire of piety at the altar of my heart. Lord, let holy labour and continued activity keep my spirit in a fit state to call upon Thee at every and any moment. Lord, let my conversation, flow from strong, earnest, living conviction, that internally feeds devoutness. In my devotions teach me to build the strong tower where I may rest day and night in safety.

MY TRUE MANHOOD.

THE company and conversation of holy men are like the breath of my soul. In banishing me from that genial atmosphere, O Lord, grant that the health of my spirit may not fail. In the wilderness of the society of the worldly, present Thyself in my heart as the essence of all that is good in human character. Present Thyself as the holiest association that I may enjoy in sacred solitude. Do Thou put harmony into my being wherein I may reconcile

communion and retirement. Lord, let me not lack humanity while Thy divinity is near to draw from. Be it alone, or be it with holy men, Father, lead me to find always the true condition of my manhood

December 24, 1882.

THE OLD YEAR.

LORD, let tranquility descend, the peace that brings with it the fulness of strength. Let mutual love and tender respect be the stronghold of Thy sons and daughters. Let all fault-finding cease, and with the old year all unhallowed relations disappear.

LIKE THE PROPHETS.

NOT in excluding the great and holy teachers sent by Thee, O God, can we hope to honour Thy Dispensation of glorious Theism. But Thy purpose is satisfied if by Thy guidance we can reconcile their teachings and ideals with this Thy simple unsectarian truth. Keep me therefore from reviling and destroying other creeds, and feed me with their truth and light. My Father, I find it is not possible to honour great prophets until I try to live as they lived. But the age is unfavourable and unfaithful. Therefore hath Thy servant often found it necessary to defy the age, and prove loyal to Truth. Let it never be laid to my charge that I dishonoured Thy

commandments through the fear of men. Let me rather be true to the elder prophets and their lives than the fancies of a gross and carnal age.

DELIVER ME.

FROM the inanimate clay which in the form of flesh continually drags me down to the earth in sloth and sleep, O Holy Spirit, deliver me. From the animal in my bodily nature which intoxicates me with rage, envy, and carnality, O Thou Spirit of Holiness, deliver me. Deliver me from the double sin of deadness and animalism. Rouse me, O Spirit Father, with the Sonship of the Spirit which always discovers Thy image and nature in man. Let the Son of God reign in every limb, and every atom of my flesh. Yea, O Thou holy Spirit of Love, raise me even from Sonship into that communion which loses all other consciousness in being one with Thee in essence and will. As Thy son, Thy servant, Thy devotee I will worship and obey Thee, lent as a part of Thyself I will throw myself into Thee and find true rest. Let the flesh cease to be in me, let the animal die, let the son of man pervade my whole nature. Nay even if it be Thy pleasure, let even the son be forgotten and let me revel as a spirit, in the infinite spirit of Thy blessedness.

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May 20, 1883.

THE GOD OF THE ARYANS.

GOD of the Himalayas, Thou didst fire my noble ancestors with yoga and inspiration. Wilt Thou not inspire and ennoble the present generation of the Aryan people? Let these hills speak again, and let the light of Thy face shine once more in fire and water, in the heavens above and on the earth below, and let those that have eyes see and those that have ears hear. Revive in us, a truly fallen race, the burning faith of our forefathers, which saw Thee in every object and heard Thee in every sound. Raise us and sanctify Thy chosen race for Thy name's sake, O Beloved of the Aryans.

May 27, 1883.

IS NOT THE GOD OF ASIA THE GOD OF EUROPE

TOO?

FORD, art Thou the God of Asia only? Nay of Europe also. Therefore the two unitedly shall praise Thee, and magnify Thy name. Why all this strife and contention then that rages between the two nations? Why, Father, the unseemly quarrel in Thy house? Will brothers fight and sisters exchange angry words? Peace hath deserted our home, and there is no joy in our midst. A little fire has been kindled into a flame, and now it spreads like a terrible conflagration all over the land, threatening

to destroy all that is fairest and goodliest. Come to our rescue, O Merciful, and reconcile our differences. We are all Thy children, and Thou hast commanded us to love and honour one another, recognising Thee as our common Father. Quench, O Holy Spirit, by a shower of heavenly grace, anger, hatred, vindictiveness and race-antagonism, and grant unto us brotherly love and sweet fellowship.

June 10, 1883.

THE JOY OF FAITH.

MY greatest joy is this, my God, that Thou hast given me Truth, the truth that shall make me free, free from every sin, free from error and free from the misery of the world. I have found the rock of truth, and my heart rejoices in having seen the God of my salvation. Those who waver and are in a sea of uncertainty, those who eat doubt in the morning and swallow scepticism in the evening, and roll on the bed of delusion and dream at night are indeed miserable. But I thank Thee, O Lord, that Thou hast dispelled my doubts, and revealed unto me the light of Thy gospel with abundant testimony. Blessed be my God, I have seen Thee face to face, and heard Thy Word of wisdom. Of this I am sure, of this I am absolutely certain, and though I am a vile sinner, my faith, dear God, in Thy dispensation knows no doubt and is sunshine without cloud. How happy I am in my faith is known to Thee. Shall I deny it and be a liar? God forbid. O My heart's Delight, give me yet more faith, and may the joy of trust abound in me !

In the garden of Elysium I have secured the sweetest and the most beautiful rose. Among birds that sing and are pretty to look at I have selected the prettiest and the most musical. Of precious stones and pearls I have found the most precious, and use them as my necklace. The friend I have chosen is the best and the truest on earth and in heaven. My joy surpasses all the joys and pleasures to be found here and in the world above. How fortunate am I, O God, Thy servant is richer than the richest, happier than the happiest. Give me ambrosial odour, Thou heavenly Rose. Sing joyful songs, beloved Bird of paradise. Shine rich Necklace, and adorn my neck. Friend, give me comfort and stand by me. Joy of my soul, I seek nothing else. Glory, glory, glory to Thee, now and for ever. Amen.

June 17, 1883.

GOD, THE INFALLIBLE GUIDE.

GOD, it is a blessed privilege and an unspeakable joy to listen to Thy still small voice within. How delusive, how pernicious is it to acknowledge a human guide, and hang on the arbitrary and irresponsible teachings of earthly teachers, of synods and books! Those around me cannot love me as Thou lovest me; they do not, they cannot feel that anxiety and interest for my soul which Thou only, my Father, canst cherish. Therefore have I always preferred to be led and guided by Thee. For I can trust Thee, I can trust Thy Wisdom and Thy Love absolutely, and I have Thee always at hand, ready to teach me

and answer my questionings. And when Thou speakest I feel no doubt, but confidently listen, for every word of Thine is for my salvation. Thou art not only my trusted Counsellor but my tried Teacher and Guide. For these twenty-five years have I referred to Thee various questions concerning things great and small, and invariably have I found at Thy feet wisdom wondrous and light such as no man can give. I have asked Thee what I shall eat and how I shall marry, what books I shall read and what profession I shall follow, how I shall feed my family and how I shall bring up my children; and great questions too have I asked Thee,—how I shall organize Thy Church, whom I shall accept as Thine apostles, how Thy servants shall be disciplined, how, where and to whom I shall preach. All this and more Thou hast taught me, O my Father, in the inner school of the soul. And how Thy voice came to me in all the deeper struggles and trials of my life, animating and comforting me, and leading me into the path of life eternal! And here am I, my God and my Friend, a living witness unto the Invisible and speechless Monitor who giveth excellent counsel unto His people. Grant that I may eternally prosper as I have hitherto prospered under Thy counsel, which is as unerring as it is sweet. And grant too that the infidel world, which honours and trusts earthly teachers more than Thee, may find in the example of this, Thine unworthy disciple, reasons to acknowledge and follow Thee as its only Master and Guide, in all things, temporal and spiritual. Mighty God, destroy infidelity and make the world wholly Thine.

June 24, 1883.

THANK GOD ALWAYS.

FOR little things as well as for great things I would give Thee thanks, O my sweet Benefactor, and magnify Thy name, for unto this vile sinner everything is precious that comes from Thee. Can I despise the smaller gifts of Thy hand and say I care not for these? Nay every trifle is worth a million sterling if it comes from my Father with all the rubies and pearls of my Father's love in it. That little rose bud Thou gavest me the other day, how precious! How it gladdened and enriched my soul! When I look at my daily meals and think how miserable I would be without it I forget the richer delicacies, and thank Thee for the salt I daily eat. And what if I cannot boast of rich vestments and do not always own dress equal to my position? How I rejoice that Thou hast given me lately new handkerchiefs and a new pair of decent boots. And when the washerman brings clean clothes how my heart turns gratefully and joyfully unto Thee! When I put on a clean white suit I feel happy and exalted as a king. So when I eat my daily gram I enjoy it thoroughly and for this most nourishing and excellent diet Thou hast in Thy mercy provided for me I return my hearty thanks. A daughter sends me an umbrella, a son gives me a knife, a son-in-law presents an over-coat, the wife makes an excellent vegetable curry, a friend sends a delicious mango or a seer of good rice, an exalted personage offers me a seat, a kind soul writes a cheering letter; in all these gifts Thy merciful hand only, I recognise, and I engrave them on memory's tablet in letters

of gold. Really my Father, Thou art very kind to me, and I would be a most ungrateful wretch if I did not count and record Thy daily mercies. From proud ingratitude which forgets or undervalues little benefits deliver me, O God of mercy and loving kindness, and grant that every grain of favour that comes from heaven may draw my heart nearer and nearer to Thee in faith and love and loyalty. Amen.

July 8, 1883.

THE GOD OF HARMONY.

WORD, I would worship Thee and love Thee as Eternal Harmony. I have addressed Thee as Father and Mother, as Friend and Guide, as Saviour and Comforter, and though I have found joy and peace in abundance in approaching Thee in these relations, I have attained only partial sanctification. My character, O my God, has all the imperfections of fragmentary faith, incomplete devotion and one-sided piety. Thou art not only perfection, but perfection in all things. Thou art the harmony of all truth and all goodness. If then Thou art my master and my ideal and my pattern I must follow Thee, and humbly strive to be as perfect as Thou art perfect. So Jesus, Thy Son, said, and so may it be with us all. Grant that we may not place before us broken human ideals of virtue for imitation ; grant that we may not follow this man or that man, this favourite teacher or that loved saint as our special proclivities dictate or our interests incline ; grant that I and my brethren of the New Church may

never be content with half truths and half goodnesses and little bits and patches of the white garment of holiness as the only possible human consummation of godly life ; but grant, O Thou Infinite Holiness, that we may learn to desire Thee and realize Thee in all things and ever press onward to that perfect harmony of character which is in Thee. How all truths shine in Thee, how all graces adorn Thy beautiful face ! The Jew's justice, the Christian's love, the Hindu's yoga, the Buddhist's nirvana, the Vaishnava's rapture, the Shakta's self-conquest, the ascetic's self-sacrifice, the philanthropist's usefulness, the scientist's wisdom, the householder's economy, the statesman's constitutionalism, all find in Thee their highest perfection and their most charming reconciliation. Thou art philosopher and poet and artist, Thou art Creator, King and Judge, Thou art Father and Son, Mother and Daughter, Husband and Wife, all in one. Thou art truthfulness and mercy, strictness and sweetness, conscience and conciliation, absolute work and absolute rest, noisy civilization and serene all-absorbing communion, man's sternness and woman's tenderness, the child's playfulness and the gravity of age, all united in one harmonious whole. As I look on Thy beautiful harmony, my God, I am fascinated and my heart pants for its attainment. Father of Harmony, graciously hear my humble prayer, and make me a child of harmony at Thy feet. Deliver me from contradictions and littlenesses, and grant that I may be immersed in the deep sea of Thine eternal harmony.

July 15, 1883.

THE FIRE OF TRUE INSPIRATION.

WORD, Thy religion is the religion of sober truth. It is the religion of philosophy, not of frenzy or fanaticism. This is my joy, this is my glorious privilege, that I never soar into the regions of mysticism, never revel in delusions or fantasms. From early life Thou hast taught me never to carry earth to heaven in imaginary flights, but to bring heaven to earth and make earth holy. Blessed be Thy name, Great Spirit, for though Thou hast vouchsafed unto me a religion which is like the prophet's live-coal of inspiration, and though I live in the midst of a fire which ever burns and which nothing can put out, Thou, teacher and friend of my youth, hast always guarded me from all manner of hallucinations in which fanatics and boasting enthusiasts have always indulged. Between me and them what a difference, what a contrast! Their faith and their joy, all their inspiration and all their enthusiasm Thou hast given unto me, Thy poor servant, but none of their errors or pretensions can my worst enemies find in me; for, good God, I am truly Thine in faith and Thou hast saved me by Thy teachings. They have dreams and visions, I have none; my sober consciousness of Thine Omnipresence is my vision. They claim supernatural messages from Thee amid thunder and lightning; I claim none save that natural Divine command which comes to me and to every sinner through conscience and reason. They profess to be inspired prophets, I do not, but I simply profess to receive the ordinary inspiration which Thy Holy Spirit working through providence daily grants unto

every humble disciple. They regard themselves in imagination as saints; Father, I do not, for hourly the thought presses upon me that I am a vile sinner, who needs the company of saints to be sanctified. And yet all the blessedness of faith and inspiration I enjoy, and I am perpetually in the sunshine of Thine immediate presence though crawling on earth as a little worm. Grant, my Saviour, that I may continue to find heavenly joy and purity and light in the sober, natural inspiration of my daily earthly life.

July 22, 1883.

GODLY AMBITION.

WHY hast Thou made me ambitious, my God? Gratify Thou mine ambition. Is not righteous ambition Thy gift? And dost Thou not establish and indicate a man's mission through it as the chief guiding impulse of life? Then is success predestined: the ambition of my soul, the destiny of my existence is sure to be realized by Him to whom I owe it. The prophecy of life's scripture, can it remain unfulfilled? No: Providence reigns, and it must be fulfilled in good time. Here am I, my God and Saviour, humbly and prayerfully waiting at Thy feet for the favorable tide of the holy spirit which shall bring unto me the desire of my heart and gratify my ruling passion. Shall I tell Thee what I desire? Thine eye sees it. Before this life ceases men and women shall cast off the iniquitous fiction of an unknowable cloud-covered divinity and learn to see Thee face to face and hear Thy voice direct. This

is mine ambition, and who can bring about such a consummation but the Almighty God? I can only desire and pray; success cometh from Thee. And a mighty revolution of thought it is which I ask of Thee, Glorious King. The world must abandon its old ideas and fancies regarding Thee, it must give up for ever its cherished atheism and infidelity, doubt and scepticism, and actually see Thee with the eye of faith and hear Thee with the ear of conscience. With all its boasted Theism the world is blind and deaf unto Thee. Where is God? it asks. What is His law? It cannot see, it does not hear, and yet it says it believes and has faith in Thee. I do not understand this belief; in this so-called faith, O God, I can have no faith. It is a mere assent of the intellect; it is faith mixed up with fiction and doubt. It is groping in the dark if haply the human mind may find Thee. But the language of the true believer is—Here Thou art, I have seen Thy face, I have heard Thy command. In mine own heart I feel Thou wouldst be no God to me if I did not see Thy face and hear Thy words constantly. I would be at best a doubting believer and my highest faith a Perhaps in the dark. Shall we not see Thee as we see each other? Shall we not hear Thy hourly communications to us and Thy response to our daily prayers as we hear each other? If not, then Thou art not; at least to us Thou art a nonentity. I would scout this scepticism, I would kill this infidelity; I would beseech Thee to deliver the world from this widespread practical atheism. Mighty Deliverer, Effulgent Spirit, shine forth before all men, and let Thy Word come hourly unto all as a thundering voice. Vouchsafe unto this generation of half-hearted doubters and dreamers full faith in Thee. Grant that we may all

learn to see Thee as a Resplendent Force and a Sweet Reality in all objects around us, in the optics of the eye, in the accoustics of the ear, in the power of the muscle, in the blood and in the breath, as the All-Soul moving and breathing in all and through all. Grant that we may all devoutly listen to Thy spirit-whispers and the inspiration of the Holy Ghost which come to all. Father, gratify this ambition of Thy poor servant, and I will bless Thy holy name now and for ever.

July 29, 1883.

THE SPIRIT OF RECONCILIATION AND FORGIVENESS.

SHALL I regard my life and my mission as a failure? Tell me, my God. Comfort me with Thine assurance that there is still some hope, and that I may yet achieve some success. Great God, for many long years Thy servant has toiled and labored, in diverse ways and in various fields, to establish the kingdom of love and forgiveness among Thy people. I have tried humbly to preach the great doctrine of forgiveness which Thou hast taught me and impressed upon me, and to diffuse far and wide the principles of peace on earth and good will among men. I have laboured practically to bring the angry, the vindictive, the fretful, the quarrelsome, the impatient and the vengeful into the paths of peace. In Thy strength and under Thy command I have struggled constantly to pour oil over troubled waters and to reconcile differences. But in vain. The deep anguish of my heart I have not concealed from Thee, and often and

often have I opened my heart in prayer unto Thee. The angry quarrels of those around me have pierced my heart and made it bleed profusely, and the multitudinous instances of revenge which I daily see before me torment my very bones. And I cry unto Thee day and night and find no rest. When will all this strife and contention in Thy household cease? When will my friends learn to love the enemy? When, O God, will the lion and the deer dwell in peace? Forgiveness these people will not learn; it is to them an abomination. For they glory, O Lord, in returning evil for evil, and in persecuting their opponents. Nay, they proudly rejoice in oppressing and tormenting and reviling their brothers for the least provocation that cometh from them. Break and soften the proud hearts of these people, O God of love, and teach them to forgive those that trespass against them if they seek Thy forgiveness for their trespasses against Thee. Where would we be, my God, if we had no assurance of Thy forgiving mercy? Father, teach this generation love and kindness and forgiveness, and graciously grant that I may ere long see a joyous band of forgiving souls in whom pride and anger have become impossible.

August 5, 1883.

THE SPIRIT OF FORGIVENESS.

MY prayer unto Thee this week, O Lord, shall be the same as my prayer last week. For forgiveness has been the cry of my poor soul these twenty years, and again and again I must run to

Thee to lay before Thee the deep troubles and writhings of my soul and implore relief. Good God, have compassion on me ; upon my wounds lay Thy healing hand. In deep agony I speak unto Thee, as one all whose bones are broken, and whom friends and foes are still lashing relentlessly. Behold this bleeding sufferer stretched at Thy feet, and count the wounds inflicted upon me. See, my God, how these men and women torture me daily with red-hot iron and pierce me with sharp and poisoned arrows. Truly I writhe in agony, and great is my sorrow, which words cannot reveal. Lord of infinite mercy, wilt Thou not relieve me? Man will not. Man laughs at my lamentations and says I imagine sorrow and affect anguish, for there is none that has beaten me or in any way maltreated me. I admit, Father, none has hurt me. But inasmuch as they have hurt my brother they have hurt me, and inasmuch as they have wounded my neighbour they have wounded me. As for myself, I am happy in Thee, and so very happy as to be beyond harm's reach. Where I am hid no arrows come, nor insult nor persecution, nor calumny, nor privation, nor opposition of any kind. Therefore am I safe, and I smile when men threaten to insult or persecute one who is dead unto them. But the mutual reviling and antagonism I see daily among those around me distress me. The sufferings of the persecuted enter my heart uninvited through the door of sympathy, and they accumulate and are as a perpetual and a ponderous weight. Thus sorrows pierce me which are not my own. I cannot, O God, bear to see an angry man ; angry looks, angry words, make me tremble ; they are hideous and infernal, and I turn away in fright and disgust. And the poor creature upon whom the angry vent

their rage makes me weep and cry, for every blow he receives crushes my heart. Where the angry and the vindictive dwell there surely is hell, and where wrath burns there is hell-fire. Save the world then, God Almighty, from so infernal a passion as anger, and establish among men the heavenly kingdom of forgiveness. And especially our own people do I commend unto Thee, that they may be the first through Thy grace to set examples of love and charity and long-suffering as become brothers and sisters of the New Church. May they no longer torment their servant by mutual recrimination and hatred ! May they bear with each other forgivingly and gladden my heart. Grant unto them abounding love that they may bear provocation a thousand times and continue to love and honour each other though loaded with indignities and hourly persecuted. Let insult teach them humility, not vengeance ; let them look to the harsh treatment and arrogant revilings and cruel behaviour of friends as trials intended for their education. Pour peace upon Thy dwelling, and in Thy house, now a battle-field, plant the sacred olive. Inscribe on the portals of Thy sanctuary, "the angry shall not enter herein," and if any of our apostles or devotess become wrathful may they be chased away by the entire congregation as wolves not to be trusted. Lord, make Thy love so shine among us that each of Thy servants may become truly lamb-like, and learn to bless and love the enemy as Jesus did. Grant my humble prayer and relieve my troubled heart.

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August 19, 1883.

THE SPEAKING GOD.

MY God, the revolting infidelity and blasphemy of the world's prayers I can no longer bear. Crush Thou this growing and spreading evil. I have seen Hindus, Christians, Brahmos and Mahomedans call at Thy sanctuary, day after day, and heard them pray. But what a solemn mockery! They ask, but they wait not for Thine answer. They beg, but they care not to receive. They are more anxious that Thou shalt listen to their set speeches or their extemporaneous lectures, than that they shall profit by Thy words. They file their eloquent and well-argued petitions and they go away. They do not kneel as true suppliants, but they make Thee kneel and give Thee their orders for the day, and walk out to attend to their more urgent engagements in the world. They have no patience, no real craving, no earnestness, no humility. When Thou comest to answer them, lo! they are all gone. When Thou pronouncest benediction and offerest grace the church is empty. All this is deceit, O my God, and horrid mockery. Had Jesus lived he would have turned out these pharisaic speech-makers from Thy court, and taught them how to pray. Holy Spirit, teach us to pray. Help this stiff-necked generation to bow truly and humbly. Unto these proud and impatient people grant patience. Help us to feel that our salvation lies not in what we demand of Thee, but in what Thou givest unto us; not in what we say unto Thee, but in what Thou sayest unto us; not in asking—what is Truth, but in receiving Thine answer. We have spoken too long; now let us listen

in silence. Thou hast heard us too often ; Father, do Thou speak. May all eloquence be Thine ; may ours be the eloquence of contrite tears and anxious ears. How unfortunate they who only talk and talk and cry in the wilderness ! How happy they who bring daily from Thy house of prayer the riches of heaven in abundance ! O Thou Light of mine eyes, may those mother-lips open and let the world hear. Hark ! already those smiling lips have begun to speak ; now let me hear in silence and in joy.

August 23, 1883.

GOD, MY LIFE.

IN the head, in the heart and in the lungs I have sought Thee, O my God, and only in two of these sanctuaries have I found Thee. In the third Thou remainest to be seen. I have studied and known Thee in the temple of the head, I have loved Thee in the temple of the heart, but I have yet to find and see Thee in the temple of life, where breath meets Breath in living communion. Not he who knows or loves Thee is Thine, but he who lives and moves and has his being in Thee. If I breathe, my breath is carnal, but if Thou breathest into me, I have life eternal. Let me then no longer breathe the noxious air of this world or the poison and the malaria of self, but grant that my lungs may ever be open to receive the pure oxygen of heaven and that every breath I take may bring into my system a fresh supply of divine life. Cleanse and renew my impure lungs and regenerate, O Lord, my entire breathing apparatus

that I may find it impossible to inhale the evil influences of the lower world. Eternal Spirit, continue to breathe into my nostrils Thy wisdom and love, Thy holiness and joy, and fill me with Thine inspiration. To breathe is easy, is natural, and costs no effort. Nothing is easier than to breathe, and man breathes unconsciously and involuntarily even when he is busily engaged in the affairs of the world, yea even when he sleeps. So would Thy disciple breathe, at all times, whether praying or working or eating or drinking, Thy holy spirit, and live wholly in Thy breath. O Thou who didst breathe upon nothingness and upon the face of empty space Thy living breath and didst bring forth this vast universe and all living beings, do Thou breathe into my innermost soul, that I may live in Thee always with the utmost ease and without any effort. May religion be no longer an exercise with me and may it be as natural and easy and involuntary as breath. Be Thou henceforward unto me not creed or doctrine, not devotion or enthusiasm only, but Life. All my thoughts and feelings and words and deeds shall thus be merely the inbreathing of Thy holy spirit and the pouring in of Thy words. Life of my life, Breath of my breath, how sweet it is to be thus perpetually sustained and sanctified and cheered by Thine inspiration ! Blessed be the Holy Ghost.

September 2, 1883.

SPIRITUAL CHASTITY.

WHY Church is too holy, O Spotless One, to bear the slightest touch of adultery. Therefore, I

beseech Thee to winnow away all adulterers who have prostituted their faith, so that Thy family may be truly a family of the faithful, and a pattern of devoted chastity unto the world. How many in this corrupt world sell their virtue and sacrifice their conjugal fidelity for the sake of carnal indulgences, and make their bodies foul and filthy to satisfy their lustful cravings! My God, how many in like manner pollute their souls by selling their faith and love to other lords and leading lives of infamous infidelity! These people count it a bondage to be loyal to one Master and Lord, and in the name and under the cloak of liberalism they would revel in the luxury of conciliating and pleasing all their loved ones. They magnify and serve the New Dispensation so long as it is convenient and pleasant to do so. But they ask,—Are we slaves, are we to be tied in bondage to one faith and one section only of the community? And their adulterous hearts instantly reply,—Vassalage we will not have, but we will please all classes and sell our affections to all that we may become universal favourites and by ready compromises win golden opinion and popularity everywhere. So they are like frail women trying to please Dispensation and no-Dispensation and anti-Dispensation alike. Destroy this infatuation, God Almighty, and crush this vile prostitution among Thy people. May those who have given themselves wholly unto Thee as their only Master and Lord be separated from time-servers and compromising adulterers. Thou art our sole Lord and our only Husband, and we shall give Thee our entire faith and loyalty, our love and allegiance like chaste and devoted wives. Blessed be Thy name, O Thou Lord of the faithful.

September 16, 1883.

THE SPIRIT-CHRIST.

THE physical Christ is a thing of eyes and ears, the historical Christ is a thing of facts and figures, but the spiritual Christ is a joy for ever. Lord, unto me and unto all the world reveal more and more this spiritual Christ. The first two the world has seen, the last it has yet to see. Men have seen the visible in paintings, they have read and re-read the historical in books, but where is the spiritual? Where, oh where; is he who was of the Holy Spirit conceived? The churches reply not, O my God, and the pulpits are silent. Who will show the Son, who can show the Son? Only the Father. None cometh to the Son except through the Father. Therefore I humbly beseech Thee to manifest Thy Son unto us in all his beauty and glory. Shall I bow idolater-like before a thing of flesh and bones, before canvas or marble? Shall I swallow dry narratives for my salvation? No, my God, these things satisfy me not. I am a spirit, and must have the spirit-Christ. Any other Christ I see not, I recognise not, I want not. The Christ exposed for sale in the world's bazaar I will not touch, and though it is pretty and pleases foolish children I will not pay a farthing for the fiction. But the Christ Thou hast given unto me is no idol of clay or flesh, but wholly and altogether a spirit, whom the soul can see and touch, kiss and love. His eyes are mercy, his ear is compassion, his lips are prayer and his hands the Father's will, his flesh is righteousness which is the world's nourishment and his blood is universal atonement. These make up my dear Christ's person and

PRAYERS.

most beautiful person he is unto me. How I love him and like him, and cherish him always in my inmost soul as my friend and heart's companion ! Thy Christ, O God, the real Christ, my faith has seen and I rejoice in him always ; fain would I share with my fellow-believers my sweetest joy. Almighty God, remove the fictitious Christ, and substitute the real Christ that the world may know the Son of God truly.

September 23, 1883.

THE ENCHANTED SOUL-BIRD.

LORD, Thou art an enchanter, a perfect enchanter art Thou. As I grow older I feel this more and more. Thou art not a mere teacher or master. There is magic in Thine eyes and in Thy words too, which enchants and captivates the soul. Or why has my little soul-bird soared away leaving its cage and its old master ? I fed it, I nursed it, I loved it, I taught it to sing, and day and night I tried to make it happy. And I thought the bird had become mine for ever, and would not desert me. But my God, I find I am mistaken. Thou hast so completely entranced it and made it Thine, that it does not even recognise me. I ask it to return to its old cage and renew our old friendship, but it will not. I try to entice it back by showing it all the riches and treasures and glittering things of the world, but in vain. It is deaf to my entreaties, it is blind to my gold and silver. The only answer it gives me is by exhibiting its radiant and beautiful plumes, and thereby showing me how it has improved in colour and beauty

PRAYERS.

since its capture by Thee. Now it is truly a heavenly bird. Why will it then come back to earth? It is ever looking at Thy sweet countenance and hearing Thy sweet voice, and nothing else pleases it. Ever since Thou gavest it yoga fruit to eat and yoga nectar to drink it has become Thine. Then let my soul-bird be Thine for ever. Let it love Thee and sing Thy name always. And let it soar joyfully in the company of the immortal birds in heaven. So may everlasting glory be Thine, O Beautiful Eternal!

September 30, 1883.

GOD AS MOTHER AND NURSE IN ILLNESS.

LIFE'S troubles are troubles indeed, my God. Yet sometimes there is sweetness in illness. How the weak and exhausted frame sinks almost unconsciously into the serenity of yoga is to me a wondrous revelation and a new joy. To be ill, they say is to be unhappy. But when Thou comest stealing into the sick-bed and quietly takest the drooping head of Thy prostrated child on Thy motherly lap and speakest to him in soft and sweet whispers. how all anguish disappears, and the soul joyously enters into deep communion with Thee. Then the bed of thorns becomes at once a bed of roses. In Thee I am absorbed as I see Thy tender eyes and hear Thy smiling lips speaking peace. I go into deeper and deeper yoga, and smile exceedingly. Better such moments of illness with Thee as Mother and Nurse by my side than health and wealth without Thee. Blessed be Thy name, O Healer and Comforter of the sick.

PRAYERS.

THE DEVOTEE AT HOME.

NOT in the cathedral, not in the humble chapel, nor even near the family altar is Thy servant quite at home, O Lord. In the company of others I am naturally apt to get confused and somewhat thrown out of my element. The thought what they will say of me, troubles me, and hence in my prayers there is an attempt to be conventional and popular. Therefore, it is my heart's desire now and then to sit at Thy feet in solitude, and speak "alone to the ALONE" reserving nought, concealing nought. It is not always that I can find Thee alone ; but when I am alone with Thee either on the housetop or in a rural retreat, or on the banks of the river, or under the shady tree, I feel peculiarly happy. I feel I am with my best Friend, and what is more, there is none to overhear me, I can speak out ; therefore I will,

PRAYERS.

Father, I must begin by saying Thou art a Person inexpressibly Beautiful and Dear. I hate the notion which many people entertain that because Thou art not visible, Thou art only an abstraction. No, Father, Thou art a Sweet Person. Thou hast no body. But Thine invisible face, made of purity and love, is so bright and so tender, that it fascinates me, and in filial tenderness I am moved to tears of joy. Upon Thy loving countenance again and again do I fasten mine eyes, and I rejoice exceedingly. Who will not rejoice if he can call Thee Father and sit at Thy feet? Truly, Thy face is benignant and sweet. There is a gentle smile on Thy lips, O my God, which makes me smile, as often as I see Thee. Thou art a spirit indeed, without hands, without feet, without eyes and without ears; yet a wonderfully Beautiful Spirit art Thou, loving and lovable beyond measure.

Methinks I hear a whisper! Ah! it is from those sweet lips of my beloved Father and Friend. Good God, speak again, and help me to hear Thy voice. What is it Thou sayest?

I have chosen thee among others in this land, O servant, that thou mayest bear witness unto Me. Bring unto Me all thou hast, and sacrifice thyself completely. Then shalt thou do thine appointed work and successfully fulfil thy mission. And being clean thyself, thou shalt bring cleanliness unto others. Cleanse thyself first.

Thy counsel is clear. I have heard it. But who will give me strength to fulfil Thy command?

Have I not said unto thee that whosoever shall beg shall receive, and unto him who knocketh, the doors shall be opened? Pray, and I will give thee all that is needful.

PRAYERS.

But have I not prayed often ?

Yes ; and have I not given thee what thou askest ?
Yea, Lord, Thou hast. And I am exceedingly thank-

But I want more, more of the riches of Thy

grace.

Then pray with all thy heart and enter into loving
communion with Me, and this moment heaven shall
be opened unto thee.

So I will. Father, I am full of Thee. Thy holi-
ness has made me clean. Thy joy has gladdened me.

Blessed child, thou hast had thy reward. The
next time I see thee shall be in a higher heaven.

PRAYERS.

But have I not prayed often ?

Yes ; and have I not given thee what thou askest ?
Yea, Thou hast. And I am exceedingly thank-
ful. But I want more, more of the riches of Thy
mercy.

Then pray with all thy heart and enter into loving
communion with Me, and this moment heaven shall
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